



SEE THE LASSO WHIRLING THROUGH THE AIR SPELLING OSTEOPATHY.

JOURNAL OF OSTEOPATHY.

VOL. IV.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 9

THE OSTEOPATHY CHASE.

DR. RUGGS and Dr. Muggs went forth one summer day,
To listen to the robin's song and talk along the way.
Their instruments and pill bags too, in lusty hands they bore,
And for fear of snakes and sich, they rolled a barrel before.

Said Dr. Ruggs to Dr. Muggs who was very short and fat,
"I wish you'd tell me what the deuce a man is driving at
When he affects to scorn our drugs, and instruments you see—
And claim that Still can cure each ill with Osteopathy."

Said Dr. Muggs to Dr. Ruggs, who was very tall and lean,
"It is not right for Still to fight us, confound him it is mean.
With pills for chills and brace to make a limb that's weakened stout,
And powders, tonics, forceps and knives, we know what we're about.

"True we don't so many cure, but then folks think we do—
And it's all the same to them you see, likewise to me and you."
Just then loud thunder struck their ears, and horses came in view,
With upright riders on their backs, and lassos strong and new.

"The Osteopaths, the Osteopaths!" cried Muggs in awful fright,
And fanned his hot and florid face while he commenced his flight.
Ruggs ran too, close at his side, his soul filled with alarm.
The Osteopaths to still their fears cried out, "We'll do no harm."

On they ran; dropped brace and truss, and pills from pill bags flew;
Scissors and knives, all medicines, and likewise forceps too.
The Osteopaths were gaining fast, and loud with mirth they roared,
While from the bung of the whisky keg, the bracing tonic poured.

The lady horseman roped in Muggs; her companion threw you see,
And the lasso whirling through the air, formed Osteopathy.
Thus Osteopathy has caught those doctors Ruggs and Muggs,
And always wins when for its foes it has old death and drugs.

DR. A. T. STILL'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT IS LIFE?

THE philosopher who first asked that question no one knows. But all intelligent persons are interested in the solution of this problem, at least to know some tangible reason why it is called life. Whether life is personal, or so arranged that it might be called an individualized principle of nature.

I wish to think for a time on this line, because we should make a wise handling of the machinery of the body.

If life in man has been formed to suit the size and duties of the being, if life has a living and separate personage, then we should be governed by such reasons as would give it the greatest chance to go on with its labors in the bodies of man and beast.

We know by experience that a spark of fire will start the principles of powder into motion, which, were it not stimulated by the positive principle of father nature, which finds this ovum lying quietly in the womb of space; would be silently inactive for all ages, without being able to move or help itself, save for the motor principle of life given by the father of all motion.

Right here we could and should ask the question: Is this action produced by electricity put in motion, or is it the active principle that comes as a spiritual man? If so, it is useless to try, or hope to know what life is in the minutia. But we do know that life can only display its natural forces by action of the forms it produces.

If we inspect man as a machine, we find a complete building, a machine that courts inspection and criticism. It demands a full exploration of all its parts with their uses. Then the mind is asked to see or find the connection between the physical and the life laws. By nature you can reason on the roads that the powers of life have arranged to suit its system of motion.

If life is an individualized personage, as we might express that mysterious something, it must have definite arrangements by which it can be united and act with matter.

Then we are admonished to acquaint ourselves with the arrangements of those natural connections, the one or many, as they are connected to all parts of the completed being.

As motion is the first and only evidence of life, by this thought we are conducted to the machinery through which it works to accomplish these results.

If the brain be that division in which force is generated, you must at all hazards acquaint yourself with that structure of this machine; trace the connection from brain to heart, from heart to lungs, and all organs that can be acted upon by the brain, whose duty it may be to construct the fleshy and bony

parts of the body. Trace from the brain to the chemical laboratories, and notice their action as they chemically unite and prepare blood and other fluids, that must be used in the economy of this vitalized, self-constructing and self-moving wonder commonly known as man, wherein life and matter have united, and express their friendly relation, one with the other. While this relation exists we have the living man only, which does express and prove the friendly relation that can exist between life and matter, from the lowest living atom, to the greatest worlds. They can only express form and action by this law. Harmony only dwells where obstructions do not exist.

The Osteopath finds here the field in which he will dwell forever. His duties as a philosopher do admonish him, that life and matter can be united; that union cannot continue with any hindrance to free and absolute motion. Therefore, his duty is to keep away from the track all that will hinder the complete passage of the forces of the nervous system, that by that power the blood may be delivered and adjusted, to keep the system in normal condition. This is your duty, do it well, if you wish to succeed.

PROVERBS.

WE OFTEN say we love our friends and neighbors as ourselves, and better too. Let us see if we do: We say such "an person" is so good, so kind, so lovably lovable that we want to embrace them, and give them the kiss of brotherly love and charity. We never see them but we feel to sing from our souls, "I want to be an angel." I think all day of the good things he did for me. Never a Christmas passes by but he sends granny and me a nice turkey and dram. "It was so good in him—turkey fat, and whisky just as old as ma. Oh my he is so good."

But as the moon changes often, so does man's love; he says, "I do not feel as I once did, I feel somehow or another that I don't like him quite as well as I did. I try to, but he did not send me the turkey, nor dram neither this year. Oh my, I don't see why he treats us so 'mean,' but I'll get even with him yet. That \$300, I borrowed of him to pay the mortgage off our house and team, I didn't give him my note for it, and I will not pay it. He cannot prove he let me have it, so he can't. He called me up in the stable loft and counted it out, and said he didn't want anyone to know he let me have any money at all. You bet no one will know it neither. I won't pay one cent of it, and he knows he cannot make it by law, because my wife has everything in her name.

"I told you the moon changed often, so do I. I will change love to hatred any time to save \$300. I don't care if he did save my house from the sheriff. What if the people do talk, I don't care, I wish I had got \$3,000 instead of \$300. I don't like him now, and I don't care who knows it. He can keep his old turkey and whisky too. I'm going to join the church anyhow, as soon as there is rain enough to fill up the ponds.

"I believe every fellow for himself, is better than all your love your neighbors as thyself's. A man's love is like a rotten egg, it is liable to pop, and

will pop, when you pull your sucking bottle out of his mouth. He is a good calf as long as the milk lasts, but Oh my! how he rears and scrapes when the milk is shut off, and he is turned loose in the pastures to hunt grass for himself."

I do not say that all men are deceivers, but I do believe there are enough such lovesick hypocrites in America to whip Spain in two hours, and leave 16,000,000 to go to Klondike.

MAN WAS MAN.

HOW or when man came on earth no man seems to know. One says he grew to the condition of man by a process of swiftness of head and foot; that on the race ground he beat all monkeys, apes, jack-rabbits, toads, geese and cattle, and won the belt of beauty and wisdom, and that all beasts had the same chance that he had.

Another story is, that he was made of dust; that may be so, but if true he had a dirty start, and perhaps that is why he is doing dirty tricks.

Another class of reasoners say proof is quite plenty, that his form has not changed in the least in four to ten thousand years, and they think he was the same then as now in form, force and reason, and he was so wisely made and supplied with mentality and all other qualities, by a wise mechanic, and when he was turned loose as a finished job, he could not grow out of his first shape, neither could other beings such as birds and beasts, change forms nor minds. That the germ of life was the plan and specification to begin and finish man, birds, fishes, and beasts, by the powers and wisdom given in the germ, that the original or "first" man was a germ of life from his father who was prior to him ad infinitum. His God is credited with perfection in all the skilled arts, before he, it, or nature began to make man, beasts, or worlds. Perfection was known by that law to mean, that nothing was to be omitted in the work, and when finished it was above criticism from start to finish, in all parts; for a completed being could be found in that body, and all could and would be as designed by that power that makes all his machinery work without jar or friction.

Who or what made man is a question of but little difference to us. But we have a question that has a useful place in all minds, which is this: When he is sick, how and what to do to his machinery to make it do the work of grinding out ease and health? To know what part has failed to do its work, and is the cause of this weakening of force, supply, and renovation, and allowed deposits to accumulate and strain or destroy the effective workings of parts or the whole person. What we want to know is something that is useful to us. Whether we sprang from monkeys or buzzards does not help us as much as to know how to quit getting drunk every time we take cold; how to get sober doctors into our families who know enough of man's form and dis-

ease, to stop fever and pain without drunken poisons, or anything in the shape of drugs.

Man will continue to load his stomach with such trash when he is sick until the doctor gets such trash out of his head. We must remember that men who labor for body and soul, do not have the time to study his form, and its power to drive blood in search of impurities, which accumulate previous to the beginning of disease. How many families have a boy or girl who can tell the names of the bones in the lower limbs? How many bones in the foot? How many more bones in the right foot than are in the left? And which side of Eve the rib was taken from to make Adam? Whether his liver looks like a bucksaw or an owl? And which leg the liver is in? and so on and so forth.

If your heads were as sharp as the toes of your shoes, I would not talk so loud, but we have to yell at deaf people.

WONDERS.

WONDERS are daily callers, and seem to be greatly on the increase during the nineteenth century. As we read history we learn that no one hundred years of the past has produced wonders in such number and variety, as this the nineteenth. Stupid systems of government have given place to better. Voyages on the ocean have had months by sail reduced to days by steam. Journeys overland that would require six months by horse and ox, are now accomplished in six days by steam and rail. Our law, medical and other schools of five and seven years, are now but two or three, and the graduates of such schools are far superior in useful knowledge to those of the five and seven. And no wonder at that, for the facilities for giving the pupil knowledge are so far improved that the knowledge sought can be obtained in less time. Our schools are not intended to use the greatest number of days that are allotted to man. But at this day, schooling and learning mean, to obtain knowledge in the quickest way that a thoroughness can be obtained.

If there is any method by which Ray's third part arithmetic can be taught so as to master it in thirty days instead of thirty months, let us have it. We want knowledge. We are willing to pay for it. We want all we pay for, and we want our heads kept out of the sausage mill of time-wasting.

A great question now stands before us. What are the possibilities of mind to improve our methods of gaining knowledge, shorten time, and getting greater and better results? I am free to say the question is too momentous to form an answer, as each day brings to us a new wonder, from some man or woman who reasons on cause and gives demonstrations of effect.

LADIES AS STUDENTS AND GRADUATES.

I HAVE always advocated that a woman had as much sense as a man, or she would not have been called his help-meet and companion. A question: What man wants to spend his days with a woman fool? I think she is in as much danger of spending her days with a fool as he is.

I opened wide the doors of my first school for ladies. Another and a much greater reason I will offer and emphasize. Why not elevate our sister's men-

tality, qualify her to fill all places of trust and honor, place her hand and head with the skilled arts? I know no reason why she should not study anatomy, physiology, chemistry and all the machinery and laws of life.

I believed at that time she could, and at the end of five years trial I know she can; for she has proven herself to be equal to man in all places of mental skill.

Another reason, she has wisdom to offer her sex, in place of the gossip of the day. A mental revolution is wanted, a better race is needed. A scandal-vending mother gives birth to a son who will be the blackguard. A child is surely what it is made by pre-natal causes. Get something in the mother's head besides idle gossip, then when the child's brain is forming from her blood you may hope for a bright child, youth and man.

I will say by way of encouragement that all ladies who have graduated from this school and gone out in the world, have done well financially, and are made the guests of the best society of the land. They are received and honored as ladies, and well paid for their skill. Places are open and ready for all that have a diploma from this school. And for the first time I will say, come on and qualify yourselves to take your places of usefulness. Do your part well, and a feast awaits you.

THE MIND A GEM.

WHY should a man not be proud, when he knows his head contains that of which he is not worthy? Shall we call it a gem, whose brilliancy cannot be covered by the darkest veil ever woven by the genius of adversity? Does he not know that his mind is far above all the beautiful gems worn and displayed upon the hands, breast, belt or any apparel of kings, queens and the honored of all nations? Does he not feel and know, that he is the possessor of a gem, the genius of reason, cut by the lapidarist of thought and adjusted to suit his person, by the skilled hands of the knowing artist who knows how and what to cut? Does he not know that the possession of this great gem when worn, is the insignia of nobility?

One exploring thought is bound to make the discovery, and bring home to the mind the glad tidings, that you and I do possess a treasure, whose beauties no poet can describe. In its display of colors the red-light of hope, joy and prosperity, are hanging upon every limb of the tree of life, whose foliage reaches to the very paradise of God.

Have you not great reason to rejoice that by this mental gift you may fathom the mystery of this, and other lives.

Think of that ever productive tree of thought, loaded down with the cocoanuts of joy; whose milk feeds to fulness the stomach that energizes, and gladdens our hearts with the twilight of the rising sun of prosperity, which illuminates and sweetens our days.

Mothers, what is that which makes your hearts rejoice? Is it not a ray of light coming from the brilliant blazes of thought that prompts your soul to leap with joy, when your children stand around you, whose minds are the choicest gems, receiving and transposing light, with all its beauties tinted with the seven colors of reason, whose variations and cautious blendings make to our eyes all that is beautiful? It is those beauties seen in and on your children that cause the inexpressible heavings of your heart to burst forth from a mother's soul, while she sees the beautiful lights of the action of mind and intelligence. Haven't you reason to be proud beyond the power of language to express? To feel and know that the mind above all other gems is to be the most admired.

ESTABLISHING THE FACT THAT OSTEOPATHY IS A SCIENCE.

BY CHARLES E. STILL, D. O.

FOR many years after discovering Osteopathy, my father was the only Osteopath in the world. The young Osteopath of today, going out to heal and instruct by the new science, can well imagine what a lonely pioneer he was. The first pupil whom my father undertook to instruct in Osteopathy was my brother, Harry M. Still. Methods of instruction at that time were crude. We had to learn in the slow old way by actual demonstration on the human body, for in fact we had not really gotten entirely beyond the field of experiment.

That small portion of the world which had come to know anything of Osteopathy at all, erroneously supposed it was a sort of magnetic healing possessed by the operator, which he was wholly unable to impart to others. The world is prone to attribute the mysterious and supernatural to everything not thoroughly understood. I was the next pupil after my brother Harry to come under my father's instruction, and my brothers Herm and Fred, followed me in the line of Osteopaths.

About the year 1880 my father took my brother Harry and myself to Holden, Johnston county, to assist him in his work, for he was then an itinerant Osteopath, treating in many places months at a time. Nearly all the cases he had were of a chronic nature, which had been given up by the medical doctors, and the cures which followed seemed marvelous to the people. An amusing incident occurred while in Holden which will illustrate the erroneous opinions many held of the new system of healing. The weather was warm and my father usually worked in his shirt sleeves. He had a hole in the right side of his shirt, where he had thrust his handkerchief to keep the bosom from being soiled by perspiration. An Irish laundress who did his washing declared that she had discovered the secret of Dr. Still's success. She averred that he carried a small electric battery in his bosom, and while pretending to pull them about, he was all the while pouring on a current from the concealed battery, which restored the patient. The hole in the side of his shirt she declared was where the machine was attached. Ridiculous as the story was, it found some believers.

From Holden we came back to our home in Kirksville, and I continued to work and study occasionally under my father, but never attempted anything alone. A year later I went with him to Hannibal, and remained awhile studying and operating under his directions. From 1880 to 1893. I never did any work save in conjunction with my father, or under his direction, and will frankly state that I did not know that I cured anyone. I treated many who were cured, but as I practiced with my father and under his directions, I gave

him credit for it all. As yet my father, A. T. Still, was the only person known as an Osteopath, and with the masses it was supposed to be a power he possessed, which would die with him. It was the general remark,

"There will be no Osteopathy after Dr. Still is gone."

In 1893, Mr. O. H. L. Werniecke, of Minneapolis, manager, I believe, of Aultman & Miller's harvesters, was on his way to Hot Springs with a bad case of so-called sciatic rheumatism. While on the Wabash train he fell into conversation with the old conductor, familiarly known as "Uncle Reuben Ackert," recently killed by falling from his train. In his genial hearty way, Uncle Reuben asked where he was going, and on learning the traveler was bound for Hot Springs for rheumatism, began persuading him to stop off in Kirksville one day and try the Stills. By promising him that his through ticket should not be forfeited, he induced him to give Osteopathy a trial. He came to our house; it was my luck to treat him, and as he was suffering from a partial dislocation, I cured him at a single treatment. He was so delighted with the new science that he began to insist on an Osteopath going north to locate. But as yet I had not ventured from my father's side and hesitated to do so, for whenever there was a serious or complicated case, I always found it so convenient to have "Pa" to appeal to.

A few weeks after Mr. Werniecke's return home, an old and trusted employee, H. O. Willey, of Diamond Bluff, Wisconsin, received an injury which the physicians declared would make him a cripple for life. Mr. Werniecke sent him down to us. I treated him, and effectually cured him in a short time, thus gaining another friend for Osteopathy in the north. From that time on these two gentlemen and their friends continued to persuade me to go to Minneapolis, and at last I decided, though not without some trepidation to go and stay a month, expecting to get practice enough to pay expenses, but intending to spend most of my time in hunting and fishing.

About July 16, 1893, I left home—the first person after my father to go into the world and establish the fact that Osteopathy was a science which could be imparted to others. On reaching Minneapolis, I took offices in the Windsor hotel. On my arrival I found a letter from Dr. Thomas McDavit, secretary of the Board of Health, notifying me if I did not get out of the town he would at once institute proceedings against me. I replied through my attorney, Hon. F. F. Davis, that in future all correspondence with him must be through my attorney. Patients poured in upon me so rapidly that hunting and fishing were impossible, and I never shot a bird nor cast a hook while there. This was the first time that I learned that I was able to handle disease alone.

Among my first patients was Hon. Peter Nelson, state senator, who was stricken with paralysis, affecting both speech and limbs. It was with some fears that I undertook so serious a case and was rejoiced to find the disease to a remarkable degree the use of his limbs and could speak as well as ever.

After a few weeks in Minneapolis, Senator Nelson induced me to visit Redwing, Minnesota, where I located October 8, 1893, and remained about

two years. A month after locating there, I was arrested for snatching from the grave two children of a poor Swede family. There was a prominent Swede citizen in Redwing named August Peterson. My father had paid me a visit shortly after I located in Redwing and stayed several days, and met Mr. Peterson. Mr. Peterson asked him if Osteopathy could cure diphtheria, and was answered in the affirmative. So in November this terrible epidemic was raging in Redwing. The family of a poor Swede was attacked and under the ordinary medical treatment two died. At the request of Mr. August Peterson I went to see the two remaining afflicted children and cured them, and for this act I was arrested by order of the State Board of Health. When arraigned before the justice he asked if I could furnish bond. I asked how much the bond would be. He answered,

"About one hundred dollars."

Having that amount in my pocket I offered to put up the money, but the justice smiled and said he guessed it was not necessary, that he did not think I would run off. At this moment my friend Peter Nelson whom I had cured of paralysis, came to my side and said,

"If you want it, Dr. Still can give bond for fifty thousand dollars with the governor of Minnesota on it." But the court did not think any bond necessary so I was released on my personal recognizance.

In a few days the case was called for trial and the prosecuting attorney after looking about in vain for the doctor who had made the complaint said,

"Gentlemen I want to dismiss this case."

My attorney, Hon. F. M. Wilson, objected, saying he wanted to see if I was the villain the prosecution represented me to be. The prosecuting attorney knowing that my crime consisted in saving the lives of two helpless children, and being himself a good fellow, declared that the prosecution had been commenced under misapprehension, and he would not have anything further to do with it.

"Besides," he added, "I may want to run for office again in this county and I can't afford to prosecute Dr. Still." The case was dismissed at the cost of the city.

The State Board of Health appealed to the governor to order me prosecuted. The governor advised the attorney-general to let me alone. He had recommended some of his best friends to come to me for treatment, and he knew no law to prevent a man from curing the sick and restoring the cripples.

During my first winter in Redwing, I had from seventy to seventy-five cases of diphtheria, many in the worst form, some of which had been given up by the doctors to die, and lost only one.

Charles Moline a farmer living six miles west of Redwing, came in to see me about some cases of diphtheria at his house. I asked if he was sure it was diphtheria, and he said he was. His sister with five children had come from Minneapolis to visit him. One was taken sick and sent back to Minneapolis;

the case was pronounced diphtheria, the child was sent to the hospital, treated by the physicians in charge and died. The remaining four children all had diphtheria. I treated them, the mother, and hired girl, nor lost one. These are only six of the many cases of unquestioned diphtheria in its most malignant form, which I cured, and which confirmed my confidence in Osteopathy as the conqueror of this, as well as all other diseases.

While in Redwing, I treated the families of ex-Governor Hubbard, Hon. Peter Nelson, Hon. Adolph Bierman the secretary of state, also Hon. A. P. Pierce, W. P. Harter, and E. H. Blodgett, as well as many other prominent persons, of Minnesota, who by their patronage and influence, aided me to plant the banner of Osteopathy in the north, and establish beyond question that it is a science which can be imparted to any intelligent mind.

“MORAL, DIGNITY.”

J. W. LOCKHART, M. D., ST. JOHN, WASH. IN MEDICAL BRIEF.

SHOW me the laws of a country, said a philosopher, and I will tell you the moral character of its people. The same principles of analysis and synthesis are applicable to any profession or business interests. When there is found in the statute books of nearly all the United States medical laws, having greed for their foundation, immoral and vicious in their inception, tyrannous, and at times even diabolical in their application, subversive of the dearest rights of man, contrary to the just principles of our government and in defiance of both the spirit and the letter of the Federal Constitution and the explicit dictum of the United States Supreme Court, for the sole purpose of protecting a so-called learned profession from the honest competition of men who have the moral courage to refuse to subscribe to its standards of education and practice, I can not exult over its “moral dignity.”

God pity the Doctor who cannot compete
With a quack for a medical fee;
But must have some laws,
With teeth and claws,
To keep the pretenders away.

* * * * *

Whether on not the medical profession is entitled to credit for the wonderful advances in the science of chemistry, it must be held responsible for its share in the abuse of chemical productions.

The injudicious, indiscriminate and too often ignorant prescribing of alcoholic stimulants, to say nothing of the potent example of many physicians, has left the bloody trail of the hydra-headed monster on every page of medical history. It is probable that not fewer than ten thousand drunkards, made such by the ignorance and example of the medical profession, go down to dishonored graves every year.

* * * * *

The individual liberty to get drunk, to frequent brothels, to contract the most loathsome disease, to propagate children deficient in body and mind must be jealously guarded. The individual liberty to spit upon the earth, one of God's most efficient sterilizers, without the permission of a policeman; or to employ a physician without consulting the minions of the law, may be trampled upon with impunity.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR WOMEN.

MRS. F. W. HANNAH, D. O., DETROIT, MICH.

ALL living creatures are organized beings, possessing a structure and an organism more or less complicated. The term life, may be understood as referring to the phenomena which result from organization. Nutrition and reproduction are the two great functions of life, being common to both plants and animals. The object of the first is the development and maintenance of the individual existence; the object of the second is the production of new individuals of the species. The foetus receives its oxygen and nutriment from an organ called the placenta, as the rose receives its nourishment from the soil and sunlight.

It has been suggested by an eminent physiologist that the ovum and spermatozoon may be correctly considered internal buds. Thus it would appear that generation is universally a process of budding. What a beautiful thought! and it is not a mere fancy, but has a scientific basis. All the different parts required to make the flower are contained in the bud, which first makes its appearance. So likewise, are all the different elements of man and woman virtually contained in the tiny cell called the ovum. Hence boys and girls are buds, and men and women are blossoms on the tree of humanity, in a strictly scientific sense.

What a blessing to humanity if we could only live as simply as the flowers live. Continuing the similitude between plants and animals, do we, as intelligent beings, derive the same benefit from nature as do the flowers? The rose enjoys the fresh air, sunshine and everything that goes to make it a beautiful and perfect flower, whereas, the human being is shut up indoors, fed, clothed, and fettered in such a way that it is simply impossible to enjoy the blessings intended for it, in this life.

If the child may be considered a "bud," an offshoot from its parents, how important then, is it, for the parents to live in such a manner that they will have the proper influence on that child. It is no wonder that our boys and girls of today are such delicate little things, if we stop to consider how mothers try to keep up in society at delicate times, when they should be devoting their whole attention to their unborn infant.

We will, if you please, trace the girl of today through life, as she particu-

larly, is a victim to injurious fashions. Before the child is born, the mother, for fear of spoiling her shape, is laced and stayed 'till she can scarcely breathe, even up to the birth of the child. The delivery proves to be very severe, leaving her an invalid the rest of her life, and the child is turned over to a hired nurse, and never knows the meaning of the word "mother." The child grows to girlhood and is taught that in order to be "ladylike" she must not allow herself to indulge in any of the innocent and wholesome outdoor exercises which modern standards of etiquette have denied her. At fourteen she is becoming a woman and must wear a corset, acquire the art of lacing and become a victim to ill health in trying to produce what fashion calls a "fine form" by distorting and destroying all natural grace and beauty in the "form divine." At this delicate and important period, too many parents are inclined to push their children in school.

It may be exceedingly gratifying to see children acquire knowledge and manifest an understanding far beyond their years, but this gratification is often purchased too dearly. Such children are apt to die young. They receive impressions more easily and learn much more readily at this tender age than they do in later years, but it is at the expense of their physical development. The tissue of the brain and nerves of children is very delicate, they have not yet acquired the power of endurance that older persons possess. "An ordinary intellect in a healthy body is capable of accomplishing infinitely more than a strong mind in a weak body."

Get the girl through the first two or three years of puberty in good health and nine cases in ten, she will be a healthy woman, but this, in too many cases, is neglected. Some parents, I am sorry to say, are too modest to properly inform their children of the great importance of health, consequently, the girl goes on through life, marries, is unable to withstand the requirements of married life, fills an invalid's chair and finally dies. Such are the lives of too many of our American girls.

Genuine girls are like the opening buds of beautiful flowers. The beauty and fragrance of the full blossomed rose scarcely exceed the delicate loveliness of the swelling bud, which shows between the sections of its bursting calyx, the crimson petals tightly folded beneath. Such girls are exceptions. Instead of the ruddy cheeks, the rosy lips and laughing eyes, we find too often, the reverse. Is the boy as delicate? No, and why? As soon as the girl reaches maturity she is expected to remain indoors assisting her mother with the many tedious and toilsome duties that only a housewife knows, while the boy is expected to be out assisting his father, and in this way, gets a sufficient amount of outdoor exercise.

The duties at home are necessary of course, but exercise and fresh air are also necessary. In childhood, and until puberty, the respiration in the boy and girl is exactly the same; from that time on the girl breathes almost exclusively with the upper part of the chest, while the boy keeps up the abdominal

or deep respiration. This is not a natural but a pathological difference due to the evils of fashionable dress.

It is quite a common thing for women to appear on the streets, on a damp, cold day, with the trunk well wrapped while the limbs are protected with only a single cotton garment, and the feet with thin shoes with very thin soles. The reckless manner in which some young women treat themselves, especially at the menstrual period, is quite appalling to one who is acquainted with the serious consequences resulting from such self-abuse. Such recklessness is criminal, and the sad consequences of physical transgression are sure to follow.

Look at our Indian sister. We may view her from head to foot and we will find not a single garment on her person that will in any way interfere with the many liberties of life. Looking further into her life, we find she rests during her menstrual period, and if the stout, healthy, rugged woman of the forest needs rest at such a time, how much more does our poor weak, sickly society woman need it? She not only needs rest at delicate times, but should dress in the proper manner at all times. The tendency of the American woman is to a spindling and inadequate development above the waist, and an excessive development below, whereas, the hips should measure an inch or two less than the shoulders. This no doubt, is caused by the mass of draperies we have accumulated about the waist.

Bellamy in his "Equality" in viewing our present day in retrospect says, "your cripples and sickly were so many that pity itself grew weary and spent of tears, and compassion callous with use; but with us (2000 A. D.) they are so few as to be our pets and darlings." If we should care for our bodies as nature intends (barring accidents) we would know nothing of sickness.

Osteopathy is a friend to nature inasmuch as it depends on her for a natural cure. Therefore without the recuperative power of nature Osteopathy is helpless. Realizing this fact, shall we continue under the old regime and be classed as enemies of nature? We are free American born women, yet we are slaves to fashion. We want men to confess us liberated, yet we spend their money buying wearing apparel with which to fetter ourselves.

Woman's mission in this world is just as important as man's and her dress is of great significance. What is more disgusting than to see a woman moping the streets of all its filth and disease, with a long and burdensome skirt? The modest bicycle suit is the most common-sense dress that woman has ever worn.

The wearing apparel should be simple and so adjusted to the body that every organ will be allowed free movement. No corset, band, or belt of any kind or other means of constriction should impede the circulation. Garments should be suspended from the shoulders by means of a waist or broad suspenders and the limbs should be as warmly clad as any portion of the body. To have health we must be true to nature in every particular. The necessity of attending promptly to the demands of nature for the relief of the bladder and bowels is another important matter that will apply to both sexes.

School girls and boys are very often negligent in this respect. This of course, results in chronic irritation of the bladder and obstinate constipation.

The foul gasses which should pass off through the bowels, find their way into the blood and escape through the lungs, resulting in a very offensive breath. The colon is the sewer of our body and it is of very great importance that it be kept cleansed. To accomplish this we must have exercise, fresh air, sunshine and plenty of good water.

Dr. Russell, one of the oldest practitioners, of Detroit, says, "water cleans out the blood and is immensely superior to sarsaparilla and other blood remedies." Dr. Russell is now 83 years of age and enjoying excellent health. He has always been regular in his habits, has taken but little medicine, being a great believer in plenty of good water and a sufficient amount of exercise.

Every kind of exercise which has a tendency to perfect the physical organization gives strength and growth to the mental also. An erect carriage is not only healthful but adds grace and beauty to every movement of the body. Too many of our young people acquire the habit of throwing the shoulders forward. The spinal column is weakened by this unnatural posture, the vertebra being drawn out of line, causing various kinds of nervous troubles. To overcome this, women as well as men, should have gymnasiums and other means of physical development. Skating, (with body well clothed,) rowing, swimming, horseback riding, etc., are all healthful exercises when practiced in view of hygienic effects. Notwithstanding the fact that dancing has been made to subserve the basest purposes and has been made the source of dissipation and ill health, it is capable of ministering to the health of an individual. It favors muscular development, aids digestion, promotes cheerfulness and happiness, and is one of the most healthful of indoor sports, when practiced solely with a view to its hygienic effects. They, who would forbid proper amusements, are preaching a doctrine which, if carried out, would cause deterioration of the race. Who become the earliest victims of disease? Generally those who take the least amount of exercise and refrain from all amusements.

In ancient Greece and Rome, provisions were made for the physical development of the youth. Civilization, as it advances, should utilize, not eliminate the healthful practices of past generations. We might review the pages of history and glean therefrom many golden lessons worthy of our consideration.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

N. ALDEN BOLLES, DENVER, COLO.

THROUGHOUT nature we may observe the special adaptation and use of appropriate means for the accomplishment of special ends. See in the human body the specialization of structures and organs for distinct requirements. The various muscles have distinct and limited uses. The iron in the blood serves as the oxygen carrier, and various glands have their special products to elaborate.

While the liberation of energy to accomplish the work done in the various tissues is largely under control of nerve force, it must come from the recombination of unstable compounds into more stable ones at the point where the energy is required. An apt parallel of this fact is seen where fuel is burning. The carbon and hydrogen, existing in the fuel in various unstable (readily decomposed) compounds, meet the oxygen of the air under conditions of temperature, etc., favorable to exchange of atoms. They obey the laws of affinity, leave the old unstable partnerships and join with the atmospheric oxygen present, forming water and carbonic oxide, comparatively stable compounds, while at the same time their stored energy is given out in the form of heat.

Vital energy is manifested in the same way. Unstable compounds obtained directly or indirectly from the air, the food and drink, must be carried in the blood stream to their appropriate tissues, there to react upon each other as the natural activity of the tissue may demand, for liberation of the energy exhibited by its cells.

But how do these unstable compounds reach their appropriate places, and what removes the stable compounds formed when the energy is released? The blood stream must do it all. It must get oxygen from the air, and various materials from the ingested food. It must place them at the disposal of the cells which are to exhibit the energy, and it must take up the re-formed material, the stable compounds, and carry them to the appropriate emunctories.

It is mainly our purpose here to illustrate these functions of the blood by noticing the means by which carbon, hydrogen and oxygen are carried in either direction. To the student of physiological chemistry these means assume a character of absorbing interest. They excite his wonder and admiration through the ingenuity displayed, the beautiful adaptation of means to ends. He is struck with the variety in the application of principles, while yet impressed with a peculiar sense of powerlessness to have either devised a different means for the same purpose, or to have suggested a better use of them.

A few metals, as iron, copper, manganese and some others, have a remarkable storage power for elements they may combine with, as oxygen. Combined with a certain amount of it, they may readily take up a double portion and let

it go again under appropriate conditions. By means of this power of iron in our hemoglobin (the coloring matter in our red blood corpuscles) it is possible for us to use the air in maintaining life. Copper has been said to answer the same purpose for certain birds.

While the blood without iron might absorb a minute quantity of oxygen during its exposure to the air in the lungs, this property of the iron gives the blood an enormous oxygen storing power, yet in such an unstable and easily liberated form that it needs only the stimulus of the nerve force and altered conditions found upon arrival in the various tissues, to permit its recombination there, with atoms which have probably also been brought in by the very same drop of blood. This reduced hemoglobin then returns through the veins, to get a fresh supply of oxygen in the lungs. The carbon and hydrogen are mainly carried as grape sugar or glucose from the liver, which acts as a storehouse to deal it out between meals, so there may always be a regulated supply to the blood stream.

Now as to the stable materials formed from these elements by the cells that have used them. The hydrogen has formed water by its union with oxygen. This is needed in the blood for a solvent, the excess being removed by the sweat glands and the kidneys, some also by evaporation from the lungs. The carbonic oxide resulting from the union of the carbon and oxygen has a more elaborate and wonderful provision for its transportation to the lungs. It is a necessary evil, being not only of no use, but it must be promptly removed or the person is soon asphyxiated—smothered, and dies in convulsions. The means for this removal deserve careful attention owing to the vital importance of the function, and the singular property employed, of a substance which is wonderfully unique.

In the whole range of chemistry its counterpart is not found, though somewhat analagous in action to the metals above mentioned. Carbonic oxide is acid in its nature, and requires an alkali for combination. While slightly soluble in blood not containing this special agent, this solubility is so slight as to be no more available than that of oxygen in blood containing no iron. If the alkalinity needed to coax the carbonic oxide into the blood were supplied by any ordinary alkali, these are so powerful as to speedily disorganize the tissues themselves. Moreover the carbonates they produce with the carbonic oxide are so very stable that the conditions possible in the lungs could not cause the expulsion of this gas. The problem is solved by the presence of the unique substance required, sodium phosphate.

While chemically its phosphoric acid is fully saturated with sodium, it behaves much like an alkali, and readily releases a part of that sodium when carbonic oxide is presented, permitting the formation of so much sodium carbonate; at the same time to a certain degree it "coaxes," or attracts the sodium to leave the carbonic oxide again whenever opportunity shall offer. These then pass on in the veins until the lungs are reached, and there the required opportunity is found, in two ways. First there is the tendency for carbonic

oxide to diffuse itself into the air, and second, there is a peculiar acid property acquired by the hemoglobin when it absorbs oxygen from the air. The hemoglobin then aids the phosphate so that when these "pull" upon the sodium of the sodium carbonate, while the atmosphere "pulls" upon the carbonic oxide, the latter cheerfully goes, leaving the blood free of this obnoxious material. It may be further observed that when this hemoglobin again arrives in the capillaries of the tissues and surrenders its store of oxygen it loses the acid quality gained in the lungs, so in its own way also favoring the capture of the carbonic oxide the tissues must be relieved of.

Thus we see a few expressions of that divine perfection everywhere evident to the careful student. How important to keep pure and natural the condition of this wonderful blood-mixture, and not contaminate it or disturb its delicate balance by forcing upon it any obnoxious qualities or quantities of material from without or within. To load it with poisonous drugs, toxins, etc. which nature always tries to reject, is certainly to be deprecated. If these are ever given entrance it should be only as a last resort, when human ignorance must surrender, and acknowledge the inefficacy of the last accessible natural means to recovery.

While it has been well said that "The undevout astronomer is mad," this is equally true of him who studies the human frame, so "Fearfully and wonderfully made."

NATURE'S ANSWER.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON, IN COMING LIGHT.

I

A man would build a house, and found a place
As fair as any on the earth's fair face;
Soft hills, dark woods, smooth meadows richly
green,
And cool tree-shaded lakes the hills between.
He built his house within this pleasant land,
A stately white-porched house, long years to
stand;
But, rising from his paradise so fair;
Came fever in the night and killed him there.
"O lovely land!" he cried; "How could I know
That death was lurking under this fair show?"
And answered Nature, merciful and stern,
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

II

A man would do great work, good work and
true;
He gave all things he had, all things he knew;
He worked for all the world; his one desire
To make the people happier, better, higher.
Used his best wisdom, used his utmost strength,
And, dying in the struggle, found at length
The giant evils he had fought, the same;
And that the world he loved scarce knew his
name.
"Has all my work been wrong? I meant so
well!
I loved so much!" he cried; "How could I tell?"
And answered Nature, merciful and stern,
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

III

A maid was asked in marriage. Wise as fair,
She gave her answer with deep thought and
prayer;
Expecting in the holy name of wife,
Great work, great pain, and greater joy, in life.
She found such work as brainless slaves might
do;
By day and night. Long labor never through
Such pain—no language can her pain reveal.
It had no limit but her power to feel.
Such joy! Life left in her sad soul's employ
Neither hope nor memory of joy.
Helpless she died, with one despairing cry—
"I thought it good! How could I tell the lie?"
And answered Nature, merciful and stern,
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

THE OSTEOPATH.

A NOVEL.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

AUTHOR OF "COLUMBIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS," "HAWAII," "HISTORICAL
STORIES OF MISSOURI," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUMPTION COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THE day that the Gumption County Medical Society was to be organized, all Gumptionville was on the *qui vive*. Early in the morning the doctors began to arrive in buggies, carriages and on horseback, each with a look and an air of importance in his manner. The place for the meeting was the town hall. The day was clear, warm and bright, and the sun seemed to linger a little in its course as if it feared the wonderful mental lights at Gumptionville, would eclipse its splendor. This meeting of the medical society had been all the talk for days and weeks. Old Granny Kitchen "allowed she'd jist go and lay her case o' plumbago afore 'em'n see'f they couldn't help her back." Mrs. Botts who had had chills and fever for three months was quite sure that her disease would disappear before the august assembly. Then there was Kitty Winks whose baby had scarlet fever, nettle rash and whooping cough, she had looked on this assembly of disease conquerors as the only hope for her child. Betsy Pendleton's baby had the measles and everybody had suddenly gone frantic with dread that the contagion would spread. Then it became known that mainly through the exertions of Dr. Thomas Payson Grimshaw and Dr. Theocratus Snuffer, all the "regulars" in the county were to assemble and form the Gumption County Medical Society, there was a general feeling of relief. The pale mother who had sat so many nights over her sick child, watching the tide of its little life ebbing to and fro, and expecting each moment to see it go out forever, began to take hope. Her heart leaped with joy as old Aunt Rachel Mendelcrust hurried from house to house spreading the news. They had no daily paper in Gumptionville, and so far as domestic news was concerned needed none, for Aunt Rachel three times each day took it upon herself to distribute, free of charge, all information in the town.

On the morning the Gumption County Medical Society met in the town hall over Hiram Bunce's store, as many of the Gumptionvilleites as could, crowded into the hall and sat on the benches and gazed in wonder on the great

array of talent such as they had never seen nor heard of in Gumptionville, or anywhere else. The assembly was called to order by Dr. Grimshaw the youngest member present, but being a graduate from a great school of medicine, he was supposed to be able to chain the angel of death when he hovered over the loved ones.

As Dr. Grimshaw has much to do in this narrative, a description of him at this point, may not be out of place.

He was twenty-seven years of age, had grey eyes, auburn hair, firm set jaws and thin lips. There had been some whispers of facts in the doctors life in such a way as to confirm a lifelong suspicion, without giving the power to expose him. Only a few indulged these suspicions, for Grimshaw was so firmly intrenched in the good graces of the people of Gumptionville, where he had hung out his shingle, that no one dared breathe a word against him.

If a villain, Grimshaw was no ordinary villain. He was a genius. Your ordinary hypocrite talks cant. Grimshaw talked nothing. He was the coolest, steadiest, the most silent, the most promising boy ever born in Jonesville, his native town, some fifty miles from where he had hung out his shingle. He made no pretensions. He set up no claims. He uttered no professions. He went right on and lived a life above reproach. Your vulgar hypocrite makes long prayers in prayer-meeting. He did nothing of the sort. He sat and listened to his elders as a modest young man should. Your commonplace hypocrite boasts. Grimshaw never alluded to himself, and though a consummate egotist, got credit for being the most modest of men.

When the doctor rose to call the meeting to order, he blushed and seemed a little confused, but his natural good sense came to his relief, and he said the proceedings would be opened with prayer. The village preacher was there and asked God to bless the assemblage and the purpose for which it was called.

After prayer, they proceeded to organize the Gumption County Medical Society, which was done, with Dr. Theocratus Snuffer as president and Dr. Grimshaw secretary.

Among other great lights present there was Dr. Lycurgus Jinks, Dr. Aesculapius Moses Jonathan Wild Bugg, Dr. Marcus Aurelius Todd, and many other physicians of great fame and renown as men of wisdom in Gumption County. There were old doctors and young doctors, fat doctors and lean doctors, long doctors and short doctors, to the number of at least a dozen if not a dozen and a half.

At the time we specially ask the reader to enter with us into the hall, that wonderful prodigy of wisdom, Dr. Aesculapius Moses Jonathan Wild Bugg, is addressing the newly formed medical society. Dr. Aesculapius etc. Bugg, was nearing fifty, had a bald head which seemed rather large. His face was smooth shaven, save a little short bunch of curly side whiskers under each ear, and was ruddy and glistening with wisdom as he spoke. His nose seemed strongly inclined to take a look at his forehead. The doctor weighed over two hundred pounds, and had an enormous circumference where his light brown

trousers met his snow white vest. His hair, what little there was on the lower part of his head, was an iron-gray. The baldness of his head did not detract from the doctor, for some one had started the old chestnut that a bald head was indicative of intelligence, and the good people of Gumptionville were quite sure that the wisdom of the universe was all contained in that bald pate.

Dr. Æsculapius etc. Buggs' oration upon that occasion, together with the remarks that follow should have been reported in full by the honorable secretary, but only the fullest minutes have been preserved.

Dr. etc. Bugg according to the minutes observed that they represented the greatest science on earth, the art of healing. At this, Tim Smith a half witted fellow near the door interrupted the speaker with:

"Who did you ever heal?" Tim was seized and hurried down the stairway at a rate of speed that indicated danger to the spinal column. Order once more restored, the speaker resumed, that "Fame was dear to every heart. All men liked to hear their names sounded through that immortal trump which reaches the uttermost ends of the earth. But he who entertained the laudable ambition to become the alleviator of suffering, enjoyed the greatest reputation (cries of 'yes, yes!') He (Dr. etc. Bugg) would not deny, that he was influenced by human passions, and human feelings, (cheers) possibly by human weakness (loud cries of "no") but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance burst forth into an unquenchable flame in his bosom, his all absorbing desire to benefit the human race was a bucket full of cold water upon it. The relief of mankind was his hobby; philanthropy his insurance office, (vehement stamping and cheering which made the merchant below look up with trepidation at the plastering over his head.) Meanwhile the great doctor continued:

"I feel some pride—I acknowledge it freely; so let my enemies make the most of it—I felt some pride when I presented my theory on gaseous formation of the cerebellum, its effects on the brain, and the reasonableness of trephining for headache, but it was just pride." ("It is," cried one of his admirers.)

"I will take that assertion of that honorable gentleman whose voice I have just heard—the theory was celebrated but if the fame of that treatise on generating gas on the cerebellum was spread to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride which it would reflect upon the author, would be as nothing compared with the great pride I have in addressing this intelligent assembly of intellectual giants (thunders of applause) who have here assembled to compare views on great questions, beyond the ken of the ordinary mind."

As the doctor warmed up his bald head grew redder and his face seemed illuminated with the glorious light of intelligence. He whipped his left hand under his coat tails, and with his right sawed the air, while that vast audience wondered how one head though large, could contain so much wisdom. He commented on therapeutics, gynaecology, materia medica, symptomatology, and all the category of ologies and diseases and causes which so confused and bewildered many of his listeners, that they were ready to cry out:

"Hold—hold—let up and dont take our breath away."

"But now," cried the doctor bringing his great forefinger down until it was horizontal before him, "I come to the real point of my speech. I am a doctor of the old regular school"—"so am I," cried half a dozen others—"I am proud to say that I belong to the regulars, upheld by antiquity and sustained by tradition. I am an enemy to Homeopathy, Eclecticism, Hypnotism, Christian Scienceism, and all the other isms that come in conflict with the great science of alleviating human suffering.

"But now!" cried the doctor again; advancing his left foot, his forefinger horizontal with the floor while his face disclosed the wonderful fact that he was going to make some wonderful revelation. "Now!" he yelled. "I come to the greatest humbug on the earth. It is my painful duty to declare a fellow being a humbug and those who know Dr. Æsculapius Moses Jonathan Wild Bugg, know he will never shrink from his duty. When I see a man, and a young man," and at this he looked at a finely formed young man who stood in one corner, his arms folded defiantly on his breast, "giving his money to a humbug and professing a cure when he is not cured, I must rebuke him. Mr. Horace Crandal, you are here?"

"Yes, Dr. Bugg, I am here," answered the young man alluded to boldly, his dark eyes flashing.

"I am glad of it. I want to see if you can face these honest people and say that that institution down in that obscure Missouri town of Kirksville, of which that old crank A. T. Still is head, is not a fraud?"

The doctor paused to give greater emphasis to his words, and the young man alluded to taking advantage of the silence interposed.

"I can say Dr. Bugg, it is not a fraud. Osteopathy saved my life, when you and nearly every doctor present had given me up to die."

"Silence young man. Your impudence is beyond forbearance, shame on you!" Cries of "shame, shame!" rang out from every part of the house, but strange to say, the young fellow who had the audacity to advocate a humbug, was undaunted. He boldly faced the angry crowd and heedless of their hisses, went on.

"When a man's life is saved by another, he would be more than a coward to not defend his savior. You all pronounced my case incurable, and advised me to prepare for death, and Reverend Mr. Willis, came to my bedside and prayed for the Lord to receive my soul which was soon to be delivered up to Him; didn't you Mr. Willis?"

At this the minister turned exceedingly red in the face and coughing behind his hand, said,

"Well; I don't know that I ought to put my judgment against these learned."

"Did you not hear Drs. Bugg, Todd, Jinks and Snuffer all say it was impossible for me to recover, and were you not asked to prepare my funeral sermon?"

"Silence," roared Dr. Bugg. "Silence," cried a dozen others.

"No; I will not be silent. When you arraign Osteopathy, I am here to defend it. Influence was brought to bear on my poor old mother to keep me from going to Kirksville. I went and what they called heart trouble was only a pressure on intercostal nerves and vessels. This was all righted in two or three treatments and instead of being the weak invalid I was, I am here today physically as strong as any of you."

"Put him out," cried several voices.

"If any of you believe I am not, let him try to put me out," cried young Crandal who towered a perfect giant of manly strength and beauty before them.

"What a humbug," cried Dr. Todd.

"The idea," cried Dr. Æsculapius etc. Bugg "of a dislocation being your trouble; young man, you have a dislocation of the brain, and unless you cease such nonsense you will end your days in the madhouse."

"Yes he will," a chorus of voices repeated.

"He ought to be there now," put in the chairman.

Some of young Crandal's friends finding the crowd against him, urged him to be quiet, and reply to nothing they said. Being a reasonable person, and peacefully inclined, he consented, though he stood boldly before them, the picture of health and manly strength, his presence and appearance a flat denial to the charges of Dr. Bugg and his companions.

The doctor feeling that he had come out best in the tilt with his opponent, wiped his florid face with his handkerchief, and gazing proudly and defiantly about him, resumed,

"I always dislike unpleasant duties, and those who know me, know I do."

"Yes we do," assented several voices in a chorus. "But when duty forces me, I never shrink from it."

"No you don't." "And it is my duty as a man of science and the promulgator of the theory bound to become universal, of gas on the brain, as guardian of the health of the people, to denounce frauds. Osteopathy I declare is a fraud, and I don't care what that young man says. Do you suppose that a science so wonderful as he declares this to be—one that snatches bodies from the grave, as it were—has been kept concealed all these years from Æsculapius my worthy namesake, down to the present age, for that old crank, Dr. Still, of Kirksville to discover? Why my friends, it is an insinuation against the justice and intelligence of God. I appeal to Brother Willis if our God is hiding secrets for thousands of years for old Doc. Still to discover."

Brother Willis blushed, smiled, and said:

"Certainly not." Some of Willis' best paying members were these self-same doctors, and he would not have dared say otherwise.

Notwithstanding all the learned doctors took a firm stand against Osteopathy there was an unexplained mystery about Horace Crandal's recovery. He

(Continued on page 447.)

IMPRESSIONS OF A GREAT DAILY.

THE Chicago Times-Herald of January 16th, contains nearly a page of illustrated matter relating to the A. T. Still Infirmary and science of healing as taught in the American School of Osteopathy. The article is the result of a personal visit and several days close investigation by a member of the Times-Herald staff, sent to Kirksville for the express purpose. The article is illustrated with excellent portraits of Dr. A. T. Still, discoverer of the science of Osteopathy; Dr. Wm. Smith, demonstrator of anatomy; Dr. Harry M. Still, vice-president of the American School of Osteopathy; Dr. Clarence M. Rider; Dr. C. M. T. Hulett, dean of the faculty; and Prof. Chas. Hazard, of the department of histology and physiology. Dr. Smith's contention with President Daniel D. Healy, of the Cook county board of commissioners in connection with the scandals of the Dunning asylum morgue as exposed through the Times-Herald by Dr. Smith, comes in for considerable space, and the general sentiment of the people of Kirksville and the friends of Dr. Smith, is fairly stated. In this connection the writer says:

"Kirksville—and an old, sensible, levelheaded community it is—thinks Mr. Healy misjudged his man when he tried to tear down the reputation of Dr. Smith. The whole town is with the doctor and is convinced that he told nothing but the truth about the transaction. He is a Scotchman. He was born in Jamaica. His father went out from Edinburgh as the master engineer of the Jamaica railroad. His schooling began in Edinburgh and after the ordinary course for young men he went into surgery and medicine. His diplomas came from the University of Edinburgh, and the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh. The faculty here secured him as demonstrator of anatomy because it considered him one of the most accurate and best posted men in the line in America."

"Kirksville," says the Times-Herald correspondent, "is particularly proud of its college of Osteopathy and the men whose skill and good sense have brought the town into international fame. It is recognized as the home of the beginning of the new plan in healing whereby all medicines are regarded as harmful. It was from it that the big army of Osteopaths started about twenty years ago to wage war upon the pill, the tonic and the nostrum."

The writer then sketches the early history of Kirksville, and incidentally the battle which took place in its streets during the war of the rebellion, between the Union forces under Gen. McNeil, and those of the confederacy under Gen. Porter. "This" says the writer, "was the second epoch in Kirksville history, the first being the tussle with the Indians. The next epoch begins with Osteopathy. This one starts soon after the war, but it started so mildly that the world did not learn much about it until about six years ago. It originated in the mind of one of its oldest citizens, a sturdy pioneer who has

ridden a mule over Missouri for fifty years—who has lived among honest people and close to nature all his life. This was Dr. Still, the father of so many Dr. Stills that he is known by the people who respect him most as the “old doctor.” He was famous for as far around as his mule could travel in a week’s time as a physician long before he became an Osteopathist. His good nature, blunt philosophy and big head gathered for him a fund of friendship which is not the lot of many men to gather. His practical, plain brain was never idle, and as he plodded along in mud, as deep as a dead sea, from one village to another he was trying to figure out how it was that the human body was the only one which had been created that could get into a condition for which there seemed to be no natural remedy.”

“Dr. Still worked on his new idea not because he was not more than ordinarily successful as an allopath. As a practitioner among the Shawnee Indians and early Kansas and Missouri settlers he had remarkable success. His business life up to the time when he decided to forsake the practice of allopathy was successful. He had accumulated property, and his practice was on a prosperous basis. He says his own researches had convinced him that the drug theory was a fraud. He determined to get closer to nature and learn from her the exact truth.”

“It went along this way for about fifteen years. He taught everybody that he met that every pathological condition not occasioned by specific poison could be traced to some mechanical disorder in the human machinery, which, if corrected by mechanical means, would result in the restoration of harmony and health without the use of drugs, if the condition had not become incurable. A case here and one there became his means of advertising. Kirksville began to get a reputation all through the northern part of Missouri. The trains began to bring patients. The work grew like magic, and in 1887 Dr. Still drew two of his sons into the new profession with him. The men who received the benefits wanted to become teachers of the science. Dr. Still mapped out a course of study, and the first college of Osteopathy that ever existed was formed in his humble home. It had something like a dozen students.”

BEGINNING OF THE COLLEGE.

“This college of new theories was established in 1892 under the laws of Missouri. Dr. Still took \$30,000 of his own money and put up the first building. This was two years ago. This site was quickly proven to be too small. He built an \$80,000 building last year. This is four stories high, has sixty-seven rooms and is not half big enough, with a new class of 100 to enter the first of next month. This requires a faculty of fifteen in addition to a staff of operators for the crowd of patients in town and being treated at the Infirmary. The “old doctor” keeps his eye on the details of the institution, and he is never so happy as when arguing with a skeptic or a “regular” the advantage, in results, of Osteopathy as compared with the old line of practice.

“I want to tell you that we have the right theory, and the actual results of the practice show we have the science on the side of Osteopathy,” explained

the old doctor as he walked about his study and talked and looked like some print of Abraham Lincoln stepped from the wall into life. 'There is nothing in regular allopathy that suggests that it is in accordance with nature. I was an allopath for years. My family, friends and patients died just as quickly with all the skill and all that friendship and money could rally. They died and we couldn't help it. That was enough to prove to me that medicine is not a science, and it ought to be enough to prove to any thoughtful mind that the most skillful use of any drug is but little more than a guess at the consequences, with all the chances on the side that the drug will produce a greater injury than the disease itself.' "

* * * * *

"Dr. Still can argue along for hours at this rate. He will explain that the word Osteopathy has grown to have a wider meaning than it did at the time it was chosen to name his new science. It means more than the science of bone setting, but it means as much as the science in that its work is done largely through the help and movements of the bones in the hands of the operators. This plan has been so long on his mind and the proofs have been so abundant that he predicts the time is not far distant when it shall take the place of the regular practice of the old line doctor. His idea has met with most pronounced opposition. Illinois refused to sanction a bill allowing the practice of Osteopathy in the state at the last meeting of the legislature, but the idea was recognized in four other states. The doctor thinks this is doing well enough, in the face of the united opposition which Osteopathy meets on every hand."

DISTINGUISHED PATIENTS.

"Dean Hulett of the faculty has an enormous and almost endless list of people who have adopted Osteopathy in their families instead of the old system of medicine."

* * * * *

"Dr. Still's students are very like the students of all colleges. They are a bit older in appearance, possibly due to the fact that a large number of them have been regular practitioners before taking up the work at Kirksville. They however, resort to the things usually found in college towns. A short time ago they produced a most remarkable college yell to welcome some victory that the cause of Osteopathy had gained. They met the delegates from the college to the legislature which had favorably reported on Osteopathy with a brass band and about 300 wildly delighted Osteopaths in line. They lined up at the depot, and as the victorious professor came from the car startled the other passengers with this cry:"

"Rah! rah! rah!
Missouri passed the bill!
For A. T. Still!
Good-by pill!
We are the people
Of Kirksville!
Rah! rah! rah!"

The Journal of Osteopathy.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF THE

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY.

Entered at the Post Office at Kirksville, Mo.,
as second class matter.

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with all its contents, is fully protected by copyright.

IT IS expected that at least two states will be added to the Osteopathic column this winter.

OSTEOPATHS can now practice legally in the state of Texas. Under the Texas law a diploma from any "legally recognized school" must be accepted and registered.

COMMENCEMENT exercises will take place at the American School of Osteopathy, in Memorial Hall, on Tuesday, February 1st. The program will consist of an address by C. E. Still; response by D. B. Macauley; address by Dr. A. T. Still and presentation of Diplomas. There are forty-nine members of the graduating class.

OSTEOPATHY was legalized in four states last winter, Missouri, Michigan, North Dakota and Vermont. Bills were also passed in South Dakota, Colorado and Illinois, but vetoed by the respective governors. In the three cases of executive veto the governors objected to the form of the bill only, and declared themselves favorably impressed with the showing made by the new school, and willing to accord it recognition if the bill could be made technically acceptable.

IN EVERY instance the recognition accorded Osteopathy by state legislatures has been given with enthusiasm, and in several cases by an almost unanimous vote. In going before legislative bodies, as in presenting its claims to the public, Osteopathy has submitted an unimpeachable record of results. Long winded elucidations of theory have been strenuously avoided. The nature of Osteopathic prac-

tice has been such as to enlist the enthusiastic and grateful support of those who have had personal experience with it. Thousands of people who had been given up by all other schools as hopeless invalids or cripples are today enjoying good health by virtue of Osteopathy. It is only natural that these people should feel an unusual interest in the success of the new school. These friends, however, have never asked that exclusive or special privileges be granted Osteopaths. The simple right to practice their profession upon an equal footing with other doctors is all that is desired by the Osteopathist.

ANY system of practice that can alleviate human suffering certainly deserves the consideration of fair minded men everywhere. Osteopathy is a newly founded system of treating all kinds of disease and deformity. Its success in securing results—in curing people—has brought it prominently before the public. Like all other radical departures from old established customs, it has had to face much ridicule and endure severe persecution at the hands of those who should be its friends. This does not discourage the Osteopath. He realizes that it is only history repeating itself. But his greatest strength lies in his ability to get results. He goes into a new community with confidence, for he knows he has at his command the means of assuaging much of the suffering that surrounds him on every side; and he knows also that friends made in this way will not stand by and see him persecuted by jealous rivals who had demonstrated their inability to do what he has accomplished. Practitioners of this science have been arrested in many states at the instigation of rival doctors, but no conviction has ever been obtained and "made stick." The cases rarely come to trial, and when they do, juries make short work of them.

THE MISSOURI LAW.

FOUR states already have laws admitting Osteopathy on an equal footing with other schools of practice for the treatment of disease. It is probable other states will in

the near future follow the example of Missouri, Vermont, Michigan, and North Dakota in this matter. We publish below the law as it now stands so that friends of the movement may have it for reference in their efforts to secure just legislation in other states. The law reads as follows:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Missouri as follows:

SECTION 1. The system, method or science of treating diseases of the human body, commonly known as Osteopathy, and as taught and practiced by the American School of Osteopathy, of Kirksville, Missouri, is hereby declared not to be the practice of medicine and surgery within the meaning of Article I, Chapter 110 of the Revised Statutes of Missouri of 1889, and not subject to the provisions of this article.

SECTION 2. Any person having a diploma regularly issued by the American School of Osteopathy, of Kirksville, Missouri, or any other legally chartered and regularly conducted school of Osteopathy, who shall have been in personal attendance as a student in such school for at least four terms of not less than five months each before graduation, shall be authorized to treat diseases of the human body according to such system, after having filed such diploma for record with the clerk of the county court of the county in which such person proposes to practice; and having filed with such clerk an affidavit that the diploma is genuine, and that he or she is the person to whom the same was issued, and that all the provisions of this act were fully complied with before the issuing of such a diploma; whereupon the clerk shall record such diploma in a book to be provided by him for that purpose, and shall endorse upon such diploma the date of filing and recording same, for which he shall receive from such person a fee of one dollar.

SECTION 3. Any person who shall practice, or pretend to attempt to practice or use the system, method or science of Osteopathy in treating diseases of the human body without having complied with the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, be fined in a sum of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars for each offense. Provided, that nothing in this act shall be construed as prohibiting any legally authorized practitioner of medicine or surgery in this state from curing disease, with or without drugs, or by any manipulation by which any disease may be cured or alleviated.

CORRECTION.

IN OUR review of cases successfully treated at the A. T. Still Infirmary, published in the January issue, the name of V. A. Hook, of Pond Creek, Oklahoma, was erroneously printed "Cook." Mr. Hook is quite extensively known throughout that

portion of the west, as he was at one time deputy county treasurer of Grant county. The old school doctors had given him up to die almost any instant from enlargement of a blood vessel near the heart, but he was completely cured by one treatment at the Infirmary, given by Dr. Hildreth. Mr. Hook was so impressed with the new science that he closed up his business affairs and entered the American School of Osteopathy. He will graduate next month, and take up the practice of the profession which has done so much for himself.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The New Crusade for January is an especially interesting number. Published at Ann Arbor, Mich., by Ann Arbor Publishing Co., at 50 cents a year. Mary Wood Allen, M. D., editor.

The Christmas number of the Osteopath, published at Los Angeles, is a very interesting and creditable number. We are glad to note from articles in the Osteopath, that the science is gradually and surely gaining a foothold on the Pacific coast.

The "Boulder Standard," published at Boulder, Colo., by Dr. J. Roy Warner and Alf. M. Rhoads, is the latest exponent of Osteopathy. Dr. Warner is a graduate of the American School of Osteopathy. The initial number contains Dr. Still's article on "Native Merit vs. Hypocrisy," besides a number of pointed original articles relating to the new science. \$1 per annum.

"The Coming Light" is the title of a new monthly of more than ordinary merit, which reached our table this month. Its aims are to liberate man, woman and child, socially, religiously and politically. To raise mankind from animalism to Godhood, from limitation to liberty, and in every way to assist individual and social development. It is handsomely and artistically illustrated. Dr. Cora A. Morse and Dr. Mary A. Janney promoters, San Francisco, Cal. \$1.00 per annum.

"Good Health," a journal of hygiene, Battle Creek, Mich. Published monthly at \$1 per annum. The January issue contains a number of well written articles among which we note: "Are We a Dying Race?" by the editor, J. H. Kellogg, M. D.; "A Morning Walk in Paris," illustrated; "The Evil Effects of Alcohol," also illustrated, and the "Rational Treatment of Nervous Headache," etc.

The Norns for January, appears with a new and handsome cover illustrated by a vigorous and striking engraving of the Norns, or three fates of the Norse mythology. The magazine itself has been enlarged and improved and presents an interesting table of contents. An excellent halftone portrait of Mrs. Margaret Nelson Stephens, wife of Governor Stephens, of this state, accompanied by a well written sketch by Emma Davison Nichols, appears in this issue. A new novel entitled "A Vase of Ind," by Katherine Greenheld, is commenced, and the opening chapters give promise that it will be exceedingly interesting. There are a number of other original sketches and stories besides the usual departments. Published by Mrs. M. W. Prewitt Doneghy, of Kirksville, Mo. \$1 per annum.

INFIRMARY NOTES.

Miss Alice Pierce, of Sharpsville, Penna., is among the new arrivals at the Infirmary.

Pearl Buckmaster, D. O., has opened offices in Moncton, Canada, and also at Halifax, New Brunswick.

Recent changes and improvements have added four additional operating rooms to the Infirmary, making about twenty-five in all.

Prof. S. S. Still was recently presented with a handsome Bible, by the members of the January (1897) class, as a token of their esteem.

M. E. Donahue, of Beresford, S. Dak., a member of the October (1896) class has been quite ill with pneumonia but is now convalescent.

Miss Browne, a niece of Dr. R. H. Browne, formerly a prominent citizen of Kirksville, and at one time state senator from this district, is taking treatment at the Infirmary.

Mray E. Ash, D. O., who is located and enjoying a fine practice at Colorado Springs, Colo. was a visitor at the Infirmary during the holidays. She will visit friends in Illinois before returning to the work.

Miss Phoebe Cousins, the distinguished reformer and lecturer some years since was compelled to abandon her career on account of a severe and stubborn attack of rheumatism. She was at that time on the Pacific coast but returned to St. Louis, her former home. Miss Cousins was at one time deputy United States marshal at St. Louis and is probably the only woman who has ever successfully filled that position. Recently Miss Cousins has tried Osteopathic treatment, and in a late interview published in the St. Louis Chronicle declares that she has been greatly benefited where all other schools of medicine have failed. She has shown such marked improvement under Osteopathic treatment that she is now hopeful of complete recovery and is already thinking seriously of resuming the rostrum. She contemplates a course of lectures on Cuba and Hawaii.

OSTEOPATHY IN KENTUCKY.

THE following tribute to Osteopathy, and personal recognition of the merits of two of its practitioners is taken from the "Favorite" published at Franklin, Kentucky, Dec. 23d, 1897:

"The departure of Dr. Wesley Ammerman and wife last week for Kirksville, Mo., mentioned in the personal columns of the Favorite, was an event

deserving of more extended notice than it was possible to give at the time, hence the publication of this article is deemed appropriate.

"In March, 1896, something over a year and a half ago: Dr. Ammerman and wife came to this city and founded the Franklin Infirmary of Osteopathy. The circumstance which led to their selection of this point as a suitable field in which to operate, was, as will be remembered by the readers of the Favorite, the remarkable cure accomplished in the case of Ex-Congressman I. H. Goodnight, of this place, now circuit judge of this district, at the parent Osteopathic Infirmary in Kirksville, Mo. Mr. Goodnight had suffered intensely for nearly three years with a malady, presumably of the liver, the exact nature of which the most skillful physicians of the regular school were unable to determine, and he had sought relief from every quarter in vain. His condition was critical, and as a dernier resort he decided to try the virtues of Osteopathy, which eventuated in his restoration to perfect health.

"This triumph of the new art, associated with the name of a man so high in public esteem as Judge Goodnight, forthwith attracted general attention toward Kirksville's wonderful institution, other prominent Franklin people made pilgrimages thence with results hardly less felicitous than those attending the treatment of Judge Goodnight. Thus was Osteopathy introduced in Franklin, and the way paved for the establishment of the Infirmary by Dr. Ammerman and wife.

"The institution was a success from the start. Though confronted with the usual opposers to the propagandism of new discoveries, the roll of patients was a long one the first week, and rapidly grew in the weeks that followed. It was not long until the Goliath of skepticism was made to bite the dust before the David-sling of practical demonstration. Some knotty chronic cases which had been shelved by the medical practitioner as incurable and irremedial, yielded to the manipulations of Dr. Ammerman and his corps of operators, and enthusiastic testimonials from high local sources were speedily forthcoming, attesting unmistakably to the claims of the new science. Meanwhile the doctor maintained an admirable poise of composure, quietly plying his art, while friends admired and critics railed. Results continued to follow and soon the fame of the Franklin Infirmary had spread to many states, and patients came from the north, south, east and west to avail themselves of the wonderful treatment. And so the success foreshadowed at the inception of the enterprise was fully realized up to the leave-taking of its founders.

"Among the many cases cured or greatly relieved by Dr. Ammerman while here may be mentioned that of Eld. R. W. Norwood, a minister of the Christian church, a sufferer with spinal curvature and complete paralysis of the body below the waist, seriously involving the internal organs of that section. He was a bed-ridden cripple, and his case was regarded as practically hopeless. Under the treatment he began to gradually improve, and after a thorough course he regained normal sensibility and motor power in the paralyzed parts and was able to walk as briskly as a boy. Elder R. W. Norwood was himself

at one time a practicing physician, but Osteopathy now numbers among its disciples no more devout and enthusiastic adherent than he. Another notable case was that of Miss Ruby Crofton, a little girl of Bowling Green, who had an enlargement of the knee, causing much suffering and withering away of the limb below the part affected. The diseased limb was also an inch shorter than the other. The treatment and advice of the most skillful surgeons were resorted to without avail, and amputation was suggested as the only hope of relief. The father finally decided to place his little daughter in the hands of Dr. Ammerman, and the result was that first one crutch and then the other was laid aside, the enlargement subsided, the shrunken parts filled out, and the child was wholly cured. Mrs. S. W. Jolly, of 6409 6th Ave., Birmingham, Ala., sister of Congressman Richardson, of Tennessee, had a trouble at the hip joint, together with a stiff knee and shortening of the limb involved, and was made independent of crutches by Dr. Ammerman, when all other efforts had failed. Space forbids detailed notice of the cases of Mrs. Sidney Green, who was cured of chronic asthma, A. M. Leitch, of Eastman, Ga., sufferer for fifteen years with nervous trouble, Rev. W. H. Perkins, of Rockfield, Ky., afflicted with insomnia and allied troubles, and many others who have cheerfully testified to the great benefit derived from Dr. Ammerman's treatment. Of course, in many cases a perfect cure was not effected, and in some no relief was accomplished, for the new science does not claim to do the miraculous, but considering the fact that most of the cases presented were of persons who had already exhausted every other resource without help, the proportion of cures and of those relieved is truly remarkable.

"Personally, Dr. Ammerman is a gentleman of strict integrity and won the confidence and esteem of our people. He is genial and sympathetic by nature and greatly beliked by his patients. His wife, who is also a full-fledged Diplomate of the Kirksville School of Osteopathy, was exceedingly popular with the lady patients of the Infirmary all of whom came largely or wholly under her care and treatment. Franklin society has sustained a felt loss in the departure of Dr. Ammerman and family, and many hearty good wishes accompanied them. As has been heretofore announced, the Doctor and his wife go to Kirksville to take a post-graduate course in Osteopathy, after which they will locate at Great Falls, Montana, for the further practice of their profession, to the people of which place the Favorite takes pleasure in commending them, in advance, as well as in calling attention to the following local endorsements, which will give further emphasis to what has been said above:

"I. H. Goodnight, ex-congressman; James N. LaRue, mayor; E. N. Dicken, pastor Baptist church; J. Frank Tarpley, Notary; J. Fisher Leak, councilman; Shelby H. Harwell, councilman; B. W. Hail, judge police court; Brown Godwin, pastor Christian church; Charles B. Moore, ex-senator; James C. Hardy, hotel proprietor; John L. Stanford, judge Simpson county; J. A. Clark, sheriff Simpson county; William H. Bryan, councilman; J. S. Robey councilman; J. R. Collier, postmaster; W. B. Douglas, councilman."

SOME DEFERRED CORRESPONDENCE.

DRS. A. T. STILL AND A. G. HILDRETH, Kirksville, Mo.

When I write the word Kirksville it pleases me, for it was there that I found not only a beautiful city but the very nicest kind of people and what to me is better than all else, my health which I had lost. On December 12th, 1896, while in bed in the morning, I was suddenly taken with a very bad attack of dysentery. I went to my doctor who is one of the best in the profession. He prescribed for me. I took the medicine, but received no relief. On January 1st, 1897, I commenced a diet of boiled milk and toast, which I continued to October 13th. I again went to my doctor and he gave me other and more powerful medicines, but nothing came of them. About January 1st, I became so weak I was compelled to go to bed where I laid most of the time until April. During this time I was constantly under the care of my doctor and took a large amount of powerful medicines and maltine and other aids to digestion. My diarrhoea still continued but at times not so bad. I was reduced in flesh from 186 to 130 pounds and was so weak I could scarcely walk. My doctor called in another eminent physician who gave me a thorough examination and advised him to cut down and trace the colon, if I did not speedily improve. After a subsequent examination my doctors said I had ulceration of the colon and that an operation would be useless as it would cause inflammation and would result fatally. I received the very kindest attention from my physician and he was distressed that he could afford me no relief. He finally, about September 1st, told me to take no more medicine as it would never cure me, and that in his judgment, I could not recover.

I followed his advice. About this time a good friend, John Fullerton, of Pawnee City, Neb., (a traveling man,) who had been to Kirksville and had seen some of the wonders performed by Osteopathy at the A. T. Still Infirmary, came to see me and brought the glad tidings that he had found a man who could cure me, and urged me to go at once and pledged himself that I would be restored to health.

I went to Kirksville, arriving there on October 12th last, and on the morning of the 13th I went to the Infirmary and was examined and told to call and register next day. I had made a request to be treated by Dr. A. T. Still personally. Upon being called, I went to the operating room and through the kindness of Dr. Harry Still and that prince of nice men Dr. A. G. Hildreth, I met the old doctor, that grand man who has done so much for his fellowman.

He said, "please remove your coat and vest and lie down on this table." I did so. He placed his hand on my right side and said, "your ribs are too close together," I replied, "no, I am only close ribbed." "Oh no" says he, "your left side is not the same; turn over on your left side." I did so and he put his fingers on my spine and said, "this rib is out of place;" then moving his fingers, "here is another and yet another." He put my finger in the vacancy. Then he called Dr. Hildreth and said, "this man has three displaced ribs, but they are not the immediate cause of his trouble, which is appendicital trouble." He then asked me if I had not been injured about the time of my being taken sick. I said no, only that on the evening before my sickness I had five teeth pulled and had a very severe sore throat all night. He said, "I knew it, important nerves were injured in pulling the teeth and it has caused too much peristaltic action." He then with Dr. Hildreth treated me, explaining to me what he done and the effect. He asked me if I had not been dieted. I told him yes, for ten months. He said, "we will be good to you—eat anything you want." I was too weak to walk to the Infirmary, but when I got up from my treatment, I was stronger and walked at least two miles that afternoon without fatigue, and from the time of that treatment to this I have never had any trace of my old trouble.

I now weigh 157 pounds and can do my work and eat three good meals a day. I was at

Kirksville just two weeks, and it only cost me \$15. for my treatment. My friends were all surprised to see me recover, and it has made many friends for Osteopathy in this country. You of course know that at all times and in all places my voice will be heard for Osteopathy and its advancement throughout the country. There is no law to hinder its practice in Nebraska and I have made you a good friend in Wyoming in the person of Hon. J. A. Van-Orsdale, attorney general of that state. Wherever I can I will drop a seed that will grow until Osteopathy and the name of A. T. Still will be known in every state in the Union.

Wishing you all the success you deserve, I am very respectfully yours,

Blue Springs, Neb.

NEIL GRIFFIN.

* * *

Dr. C. C. Moore, of New York, is among the patients at the Infirmary. He has been engaged in the practice of medicine nearly half a century, having graduated from the Cincinnati Eclectic Medical College in 1852. His present trouble is sciatica, and Osteopathic treatment is slowly affording him relief. The extracts from a letter written by Dr. Moore to his wife are especially interesting to Osteopaths, coming from one who has spent a lifetime in the practice of the healing art:

KIRKSVILLE, MO., Nov. 31.

MY DARLING WIFE—Sunday makes out to be a lonesome day, always for me. I have only to sit in my room and read my little book and think, and then write to you. * *

* * * I am "out of the world" now and in a land full of cripples. They come from every nation and every way to this centre of Osteopathy to be treated, to get rid of their pains, lame legs, etc. And it is strange to say that the most of them do really get relief, and never swallow a dose of medicine.

Soon they are feeling better, and lay aside their crutches and canes, and go alone, to the marvel of the onlooker. I have to confess that it is not a little surprising to a man who has been so subject to giving medicine for every ache and pain we have—well, I don't altogether comprehend it, and sit in wonderment over all and say over and over again, "How can these things be," unless there is something at the bottom of it all that goes farther and reaches deeper than any system of healing yet known to the doctors the world over?"

I had the pleasure to listen to Dr. A. T. Still the other day when he gave a short talk to more than three hundred students, who flock like a hungry horde to hear anything the apostle of Osteopathy may have to say, and I was much amused at the many things he did say, one of which, I have to confess, was a little startling, and that was that every competent Osteopath has a better way to tell the temperature of the body than to run a little "pig tail of a thermometer into the mouth" and discover the patient is "hot." He should know and does, if he is up in the business, know by his educated hand or touch what the condition of his patient is, hence knows what to do for him, no matter what the little pig-tail of a thermometer says about it.

The Doctor claims that every competent Osteopath knows by the touch whether the patient needs treatment for fever or not, and this knowledge is of first importance and cannot be neglected in his education if he is to be a successful Osteopath. The hand, when properly educated, leaves the thermometer far in the background as a value in making diagnosis. The greater part of the doctor's lecture was devoted to impressing the student with the importance of learning to depend absolutely upon his sense of touch, and that he should use every opportunity to cultivate it. Excuse haste. Yours affectionately,

DR. C. C. MOORE.

Letters From Graduates.

Dr. Bigsby, Monmouth, Ill.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The case I have to report is that of an elderly gentleman who came to me for treatment with one of his lower limbs in bad condition caused from impaired circulation. He says:

I have had trouble with one of my limbs for two years and consulted different doctors and tried all of their remedies but got no relief, but gradually grew worse.

When I began taking Osteopathic treatment my foot was badly swollen and black. I had given up all hopes of ever being any better. The doctors told me they could do nothing for it. After a little thought I concluded to see what our "bone doctor" would say about it, and to my surprise he said he thought he could cure me and that it would take two or three months.

I was very willing to give him a trial as I felt that it was the last resort. After I had had a few treatments the swelling was gone and my leg and foot began to return to its natural color.

I was under treatment about two months, and am now sound and well, and a firm believer in Osteopathy.

J. SEARLES,

Monmouth, Ill.

I receive the Journal which is a welcome visitor to my office. Yours truly,

EDGAR BIGSBY, D. O.

Monmouth, Ill.

Dr. S. R. Landes, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The good work still goes on in Grand Rapids. Osteopathy is continually scoring successes.

Mrs. K. came to us as a last resort, after a severe illness of two years, the greater part of the time confined to her bed. When able to walk at all it was with great difficulty and on crutches. The lesions were in the lower dorsal and lumbar regions, caused by being folded up in a folding bed. Her physicians gave varied diagnosis, and at last declared it was principally in her mind, caused by fright at the time of the accident.

She has taken a course of treatment and is

now able to walk as much as she likes and without crutches.

Hoping for the success of Osteopaths everywhere and the prosperity of our Alma Mater, I am fraternally yours,

S. R. LANDES, D. O.

18-19 Kendall Blk, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dr. L. B. Smith, Erie, Ill.

I neglected writing a letter last month, but will try to make amends by giving several cases:

The first is that of quite an old gentleman who contracted a severe case of chronic diarrhoea in the army during the "late unpleasantness." For thirty years he had been a sufferer, not constantly, but nearly enough so to utterly incapacitate him for any active pursuit of business. Any change of diet, or drink of water from a different well than what he was used to, the least overexertion, or excitement, would bring it on, and he would be confined to his room and bed for days, 'till life became a burden to him. Being a member of the G. A. R., also the oldest man born in this county, in a county where the old soldiers and settlers held an annual reunion, he was much in demand at these gatherings.

He said to me that he always made calculation on at least from one to two weeks severe illness after one of those meetings. At other times, he told me, these paroxysms would come on suddenly without a moment's warning and without any apparent cause. It is needless to say that he had gone the rounds of the drug schools without one particle of benefit.

I gave him his first Osteopathic treatment August 10, 1897, during one of his worst paroxysms, consequent on one day's attendance at his county reunion of old soldiers. That one treatment settled that attack and one

month of nine treatments cured him, and to use his own language, "I have gone to every reunion and fair in reach, stayed 'till they broke up, ate what I liked, drank as much water as I wanted, ice cold, and none of them ever fased me." His wife who always accompanied him always paid the penalty of two or three days in bed with sick-headache. One month completely cured her of the trouble.

Another was a bad case of asthma, completely cured in one month.

Another was a lady whom the M. D's and their friends had consigned to a consumptive's grave. Some of the wisecracks of the town laughed when they heard that that "fool Osteopath" said she could be cured and took her as a patient. After two months treatment the laugh came from "the other side of the mouth," and the lady says she has to shout every time she thinks about her condition, "before and after taking."

I will mention one more, although I have many more that are interesting, but I see the shadow of the waste basket and will close with this one:

A young lady had for years, ever since puberty in fact, suffered with a trouble peculiar to the sex. She had been doctored and drugged for years with little or no benefit. For two years her marriage had been postponed on account of her conditions, with no hope that she would ever be any better. She was induced to try the new treatment. The cause was at once located and she was told that her case was very hopeful. Her recovery was sure and rapid, and after two months the wedding bells rang out on Christmas day. Ye Osteopath received a generous slice of cake and a fragrant cigar.

With best wishes for the Journal, I am

Faternally yours,

L. B. SMITH, D. O.

Erie, Ill.

Dr. Boyles, Bloomington, Ill.

As I have not written for the "Graduates' Department" for some time, thought I would now do so. Have had some very interesting cases of paralysis recently. Several children were among the list and in nearly every case the trouble yielded readily to the treatment.

One case is that of a young lady who had been afflicted all her life; did not walk 'till after she was four years of age. Her improvement is remarkable, while she is not entirely cured yet she is steadily improving and we hope for a complete cure soon. Her general health is so much better she eats heartily, and sleeps soundly, and has gained in weight.

Have had exceptionally good results in stomach trouble; also goitre, tumors, rheumatism, and weak eyes. Have several patients who have been able to discard their glasses for months past.

I have letters of inquiry every day, so you see people are becoming more and more interested in Osteopathy all the time.

The more I am in the work of relieving suffering humanity the more I enjoy it.

Am still in Bloomington where we have been for the past two years. It is a nice place to live and we have some good staunch Osteopathic friends in and around the city.

We had a very pleasant little visit at Kirksville during the holidays and while there my brother came from Iowa to make arrangements to move his family there as he will enter the February class in Osteopathy.

I will cheerfully furnish references to any who may desire it. Fraternally yours,

J. A. BOYLES, D. O.

305 North East Street. Bloomington, Ill.

Dr. Bernard, Jackson, Mich.

According to your request I will write a few lines for the Journal.

Upon opening an office here a short time ago I had a great many inquiries as to what our treatment was, etc., as very few had heard a rational explanation of it. All whom I have met I find to be very liberal in their views and they do not seem to be afraid of being convinced of a truth, although it may go directly against their old accepted theories. Let me add also that the brothers of the medical fraternity have treated me very kindly indeed, and to my knowledge have said nothing detrimental to Osteopathy.

I have nothing as yet to report in the way of interesting cures, although I am glad to say all who are taking treatment are doing well and are loud in their praise of our baby giant, Osteopathy.

In conclusion I will say: It makes an Osteopath feel as though he was on solid ground when he knows the laws of the state in which he practices are in his favor and a grand old state is ever ready to back him in his fight against disease.

Mr. Editor, I believe that upon the days that those four fearless governors signed the Osteopathic bills that the "Lord didn't do nothin' the rest o' the day but jest set around and feel good."

With best wishes for the Journal, I am,

Very truly yours,

HERBERT BERNARD, D. O.

305 Carter Block, Williams Hotel,
Jackson, Mich. Battle Creek, Mich.

Western Institute of Osteopathy, Denver,
Colorado.

Osteopathy has been tried and not "found wanting," in treating a case of concussion of the brain caused by a violent fall from a bicycle upon the street car tracks.

The young man was on his way to his work New Years morning when he met with the accident. He was taken to the county hospital before identification.

After the usual remedies had been used there was good recovery from the first shock—no secondary shock occurred. Examination showed bruises about the left temple, a scalp wound on the left parietal bone, a cut and severe bruises on the right side of the frontal, and minor scratches on the face. There was considerable hemorrhage from the left auditory meatus, which caused grave fears of fracture of the temporal bone. This indeed was the surgeon's diagnosis (a slight hemoptysis occurred the next day or two, by the oozing through the eustachian tube.)

After an hour of total insensibility, violent delirium ensued.

It was deemed necessary to confine the patient by tying both feet and hands to the bed.

This condition continued with brief intervals of rest, for twenty-four hours, when he was able to be removed from the hospital, and came directly under our care.

The Osteopathic diagnosis, in addition to the wounds and bruises mentioned above, included "partial dislocation" of the upper cervical vertebra.

During the next twenty-four hours the delirium continued, though less violent; the temperature did not go above 100.2—the lowest pulse was 50—respiration 22. No paralysis of any part being manifest by this time, it was evident there was no pressure upon the brain, the most imminent danger being inflammation of the meninges. To prevent this we applied the proper Osteopathic treatment with good results.

An excessive irritation of the urethra caused by the use of the catheter at the hospital was overcome by application of Osteopathic principles, so that the calls for micturition were speedily reduced from once every fifteen minutes to once in five or six hours, thus removing a great interference with needed rest. The unreasoning efforts to arise in answer to these calls were taken by the hospital attendants for mere expressions of the violence of delirium, and of course such a dangerous patient must be tied down if he attempts to get up. The struggles certainly added to the gravity of the case. Had the catheter been used only as required by retention of urine in this case it would not have been used at all, and the "delirium" consequent would have been absent.

There were severe pains in the head and neck. Respiration was irregular and difficult. It resembled the Cheyne-Stokes breathing, the respiratory nervous mechanism being evidently disturbed, presumably the afferent function of the vagus, at its nucleus. We reasoned that a sufficiently free circulation in the medulla should relieve this impaired activity. Treatment of the cervical sympathetic for its vaso-motor effect upon the circulation to the medulla soon restored regular respiratory movements.

On the third day consciousness became more marked, and with it greater sensibility to the pain. Treatment of the atlas and axis gradually brought relief, until the seventh day the pain was mostly gone.

The only nourishment taken until the fifth day was a very little milk.

Restlessness and insomnia at night were always promptly relieved and sleep induced by appropriate derivative treatment.

At this writing, nine days after the accident, convalescence is rapid and it seems as

if the only serious consequence would be partial deafness in the left ear through rupture of the membrana tympani, which gave rise to the bleeding from the meatus externus, as well as the oozing into the pharynx.

N. ALDEN BOLLES.

NETTIE H. BOLLES,

832 E. Colfax Ave., Denver.

Dr. W. J. Conner, Phoenix, Ariz.

EDITOR JOURNAL—I arrived here December 29th, and opened an office January 3d. I thought I was in a strange land and among strangers. As to the former I was correct but in the latter I was badly mistaken. My arrival was announced in the morning papers, and before I was hardly up the next morning my fellowtownsmen were calling to see a Kirksvillian and to welcome me to their beautiful city. Osteopathic friends came also to see me. There are a great many of them here and they are loud in their praises of Osteopathy.

Quite a variety of cases have presented themselves to me. Among them was a little boy three years old. I went to the home to see him, and found a case of hip joint disease, (so-called.) The little sufferer had lain strapped to a bed eight months with a fifteen pound weight to the foot, and the mother told me that she could see no improvement. Maybe I didn't talk for that little sufferer. If I didn't, then I never talked Osteopathy to anybody in my life. They said they would see about it and that was the last I have heard of them. Their family physician told them if they took the weight off the hip would break out in an abscess. Of course I could not treat it with two flat irons and a small sack of sand hanging to the foot.

Yours truly,

W. J. CONNER, D. O.

Phoenix, Arizona.

Dr. J. H. Sullivan, Chicago.

"Osteopathy" in Chicago is on the high road to success. We are treating more people now than at any time during '97 and our results are most gratifying. We have been honored by an invitation to one of the monthly dinners of the Physicians' Club, of Chicago, and will no doubt endeavor to lay

before them in an humble manner the basic principles on which rests "Osteopathy."

We are having numerous inquiries as to Dr. Still's book and refer them to Kirksville with their orders.

Regarding our cases of note since last writing, I send you a letter from the father of a young lady, of Streator, Ill., whom I treated for two months for the worst form of spinal neuralgia I have met with. She is a young lady of fine physique, but had suffered for most of her life with this affliction. Following is his letter:

STREATOR, ILL., Dec. 18, '97.

Dr. J. H. Sullivan,

DEAR DOCTOR—I am not, nor have I been unmindful of the fact that I have been owing you a letter for some time. It now gives me pleasure to write you that my daughter Edith, whom you treated last June and July for her neuralgia trouble from which she had been quite a sufferer for a number of years without being able to get relief, seems now to be entirely free from her trouble and has been ever since discharged by you. It looks like a permanent cure. I do not think I ever saw her so well in all ways as since she took her treatment with you and I feel under very great obligations to you for what you have done for her.

Respectfully,

E. H. BAILEY.

I found a lesion existing at the fourth dorsal and got very quick results. The enclosed letter speaks for itself.

Yours,

JOSEPH H. SULLIVAN.

906 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Drs. Hannah in Detroit, Mich.

We have just closed three months' work in this city and are able to point with pride to the results obtained through Osteopathic methods. Our patients now number three score of the leading people of Detroit and vicinity, including representatives from almost every profession and avenue of business. It seems that Detroit was just ready for Osteopathy. The science had been heralded abroad by the legislators who legalized it in Michigan one year ago. This legal recognition has given prestige to the science with thinking people. All thanks to that body of noble men who saw truth eternal in Osteopathy, and had the courage to say so!

The treatment has in Detroit, as elsewhere, had the most thorough test, as the cases under treatment are those which have baffled most all other methods, notwithstanding

this test, it is making a phenomenal showing on these the very worst chronic cases to be found here. Following may be found brief statements of cases which are now being handled at this office:

Lady had been an invalid for four years, and was brought into our office in a wheel chair November 6, 1897. One month's treatment placed her on her feet and she walked six blocks for her treatment. Now at the end of two month's treatment, all serious symptoms have disappeared and the lady walks anywhere she wishes.

Gentleman suffered from nervousness, so much that he could hardly submit to an examination, after which he felt so miserably that he thought he could not possibly take the treatment. At the solicitation of friends, however, he returned for treatment, and now at the end of one month is quite comfortable, able to walk almost anywhere and rests well at night.

Young lady was almost a nervous wreck. Examination revealed spinal trouble along with headaches, irritability, female trouble and a number of other dreadful complications. Three months treatment have sufficed to put her in good condition. She goes now for a short vacation, after which, she will return for the finishing touches which will land her safely on the side of health.

These, with other cases, which have done equally as well, stand as uncontrovertible evidence of what Osteopathy is doing for suffering humanity in Detroit.

Yours for success,

F. W. HANNAH, D. O.

MRS. F. W. HANNAH, D. O.

232 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Roy Bernard, Kalamazoo, Mich.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—At your request, I will write a few lines for the Journal.

I have just opened an office here and find the people very much interested in Osteopathy. Before coming here I had an office in Chicago, and will give you one of my Chicago cases in his own words:

I add my testimony to the many in favor of Osteopathy. I have been afflicted with stomach and liver trouble for a year or more, failing all the time until physicians said I could not live. I was very weak and did not know when the end would come.

But I put myself under the treatment of Dr. Roy Bernard, a graduate of Still's school of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo., and from the first treatment I began to recover.

Each time he treated me I felt new life and vigor, the blood began to circulate through my veins, new strength came and new hope, my appetite increased. I am now much better and on the way, I trust, to a permanent recovery. I cannot recommend the doctor and the Osteopathic treatment too highly. I believe it will cure when medicines fail. It is a common sense method of treating disease, and I wish all the afflicted could place themselves under the treatment of this new science.

A. J. MARKS,

"Lecturer on Bible Land,"

4639 Langley Ave., Chicago.

The writer of the above is quite a prominent lecturer, well known throughout the north.

Success to the Journal, Yours,

ROY BERNARD, D. O.

429 W. Lovell St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dr. Harlan in Denver.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I have been intending to prepare an account of a case for the Journal for some time. This is the first letter I have ever written to The Journal of Osteopathy for the simple reason that I have been too busy to find time for writing.

There was a gentleman here from Oakland, California. He had had la grippe eleven times which left him with intercostal neuralgia, which pain he had not been free from for six years. He was also badly constipated and had a great deal of pain in his back. When he came to the infirmary he could not raise himself from a chair when sitting, as anyone else could do but had to lift himself up by holding to the chair. The fifth lumbar vertebra was displaced and the entire trunk of the body was sore and full of pain and at times he could not lift a glass of water to his mouth, and at times could not turn over in bed. He had doctored with Homeopathic physicians all over the country, in California and Oregon and elsewhere, and had also doctored with a fake Osteopath in the city of Denver under whose treatment he claimed to get worse. After the first treatment the constipation was greatly relieved. He is now entirely free from neuralgia and the pain entirely left his back after the fifth lumbar was replaced. He is now generally better in every way.

Another case I will briefly state is an obstetrical case—Mrs. R. H. Duckett at 1420 Glenarm St., Denver. The lady had given birth at different times to four children. It generally took from two to three hours to deliver the child by the old mode of treatment, but under Osteopathic treatment the delivery was accomplished in thirty minutes and with but very little pain compared with what the woman had suffered previously.

Osteopathy is gaining a foothold in Colorado in obstetrical cases and I think as soon as people find out how it lessens pain and the length of time, there will be more cases handled by Osteopathic treatment.

Wishing you continued success for the future, I am,
Truly yours,

W. LIVINGSTON HARIAN, D. O.
Denver, Colo.

Dr. H. E. Nelson, Louisville, Ky.

In compliance with your request of the 5th inst., I send extracts from a couple of letters I received from patients who have been benefited by our science. Mr. E. B., 1736 Brook St., Louisville, writes as follows:

Having been under the care of Dr. H. E. Nelson for five months, and knowing that I have improved in many respects, I wish to attest to his efficiency in cases of long-standing rheumatism.

For many years my joints have been much drawn and badly stiffened; in this time I have tried every remedy, having been treated by many physicians, having made sojourns at Hot Springs, and have never experienced the benefit gained by Dr. Nelson's treatment in these few months.

I now stand more erect by three inches than I have for years, have gained in flesh, can climb stairs more easily, walk farther with comfort.

The following is a part of the reply of a patient of mine, to the question, "Are you satisfied that you have received much benefit from your two months treatment?"

I have indeed derived great, and I trust, permanent relief from the treatment. Though everything seems against me, I am feeling better than I ever hoped to be again. Though only in the fifties, I had begun to look upon myself as an old woman. Now I feel as if a burden of years had rolled off my shoulders, and I am surprised at what I can stand and the zest with which I can enjoy things I had ceased to care for.

All this I owe to you and the wonderful science of Osteopathy. I certainly would not go back to my former condition for double the money it has cost.

I am very grateful. If at any time you wish to refer to me, or would like a testimonial from me, I will grant it with pleasure.

This patient resides at 316, 12th St., New Albany, Ind. The names of the above parties will be given to anyone desiring to investigate.

H. E. NELSON, D. O.
Louisville, Ky.

J. R. and E. H. Shackelford, Nashville, Tennessee.

We have been reading the letters from graduates in the Journal with much interest, and consider them the most interesting part of the Journal, and think we should all contribute and give a little history of such cases as would be of interest.

We opened our office here November 8th. We have been working along very quietly and we are now enjoying a very nice practice.

Our patients are among the best people of Nashville, and not one is dissatisfied with our treatment.

Osteopathy is coming to the front in Tennessee as well as other states.

A little girl we are treating, had double lateral curvature of the spine, enlargement in left side and was in a very critical condition when brought to us. Now the curvature is nearly gone, and she is seemingly as well and hearty as if she had never had a day's sickness. We have treated her one month. The following is her own statement:

NASHVILLE, TENN., Jan., 12, 1898.

Language is inadequate to express the heartfelt gratification I possess for Osteopathy. I have been in wretched health for several years and have been under the treatment of the most celebrated physicians, but they did me little or no good. I have been unable to attend school for sometime. I have attended school only fifteen months in five years being sick most of the time, and have suffered considerably from spinal weakness which affected my throat and eyes. I was annoyed by a dull heavy headache, which never ceased. I had been having hard shaking chills for over three months, nearly every other day. I took my first treatment from Drs. Shackelford, the first day of December, and I have not had a chill since. My nerves were all unstrung and the least thing would excite me beyond control. Now, however, I am getting well. That dull depressing headache has ceased, my nerves are much more settled, my eyes are getting quite strong, my throat is almost well, and my spinal column a great deal stronger.

I recommend Osteopathy to everyone, and I am truly grateful to it.

IRMA BIRTHRIGHT,
12 years of age.

THE OSTEOPATH.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 430]

had fallen from a tree and sustained injuries which were thought at first to be slight. All the doctors in the neighborhood were alternately called in to treat him; consultations were held, and his case discussed, and at last he was told that his recovery was impossible. A friend, a traveling salesman for farming implements, at last came to his house and told him of the new science, creating a stir in a North Missouri town, and without consulting the doctors he went to Kirksville and at the end of six weeks returned one of the strongest and healthiest men in the country. He said he had been to Kirksville, had seen the old crank Dr. Still and he had cured him by the new science. The doctors looked wise, shook their heads saying,

"Poor fellow he suffers from a delusion, and his mind will soon be dethroned."

The meeting of the medical society closed by a fearful tirade on the "Osteopathic fad," in which nearly all the doctors joined, until Horace disgusted, left the building.

CHAPTER II.

DR. GRIMSHAW AND ANDY THE ROVER.

Dr. Grimshaw, secretary of the medical society had taken no part in the recent controversy, in which young Crandal, Quixote-like charged the wind-mills of science, further than to carefully record even the most unimportant matters in the minutes. When the session was over, he rose closed his book and started to his office. Just at the foot of the stairway from the hall, Tim Smith touched him on the arm and said,

"Say Doc., what d'ye think o' Crandal's bein' cured by Osteopathy?"

Dr. Grimshaw did not fly into a passion, nor did he smile incredulously, in fact he seldom ever smiled, but looking his interlocutor in the face answered:

"I have never had occasion to examine into his case, but there can be no doubt he is suffering from an abberation of the brain."

"Will it hurt him again?"

"It may. He may keep up for several months and then suddenly break down."

"Then you don't think he is cured?"

"I can't say—I was not called in his case at all."

"Wall, I tell ye Doc., that old cuss down at Kirksville is goin' t' git a whole passel o' patients from this part o' the country; ye see Horace Crandal gittin well so quick is somethin' that upsets all the blamed speeches Dock Bugg kin make in a year."

Dr. Grimshaw was silent for a moment as if contemplating the knotty question, then declared:

"I could not recommend them to try Osteopathy; it's like every new fad that comes along. Some people bite at it, and the result will be in a few years

they will be poorer in purse and health. Quacks and charlatans, assail the weak in mind and body. They are vultures who prey on the afflicted, and though hope may for the time stimulate them into a semblance of recovery, yet in the end they are worse."

It was a very long speech for Dr. Grimshaw. His speeches were usually short and but few, but his words were studied and each weighed a pound, according to the declaration of Granny Kitchen.

Smith walked with his hands in his pockets toward the public hitchrack, in front of the store. He wondered if it could be true that Horace Crandal's cure was all imagination, and that he was slowly dying inside, just as the fire had burned for weeks under the sawdust at the mill before anyone discovered it. He reached the rack and stooping picked up a pine stick, then taking his large pocket knife from his pocket and leaning against the rack crossed his right leg before his left, and began to whittle.

"It's blamed curious I think," said Tim, "that he should git well when they said he wouldn't live a month." Tim was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a broad brimmed white hat, slouched in front and turned up behind. He put up his knife, took out his cob pipe and lighting it was puffing leisurely, when he discovered Dr. Bugg across the street, and taking his pipe from his mouth asked,

"What ye make out o' it Doc."

"What?"

"Osteopathy."

"Nothing."

"Wall, ye gotter gin in, Horace didn't die soon ez ye expected," and Tim grinned until he showed his teeth. The doctor exasperated at the conduct of the wag turned quickly about and hurried away.

"Meanwhile Dr. Grimshaw had gone to his office and seating himself at his desk took up the latest Medical Journal and proceeded to glance over its pages. Tim Smith mounted his horse and rode by, his pipe in his mouth and a look of cunning in his eyes.

The doctor paid little attention to passers by. He was a quiet man, seldom known to smile and never to enter into an animated conversation. He was still looking over his Journal when a strange looking individual suddenly darkened the door. He had a florid face, wore a battered plug hat, a shirt once white but now devoid of color, or collar. His clothes bore all the evidences of the road, "haymows" and "handouts," and his shoes indicated the tramp. On his face there was a saucy impudent smile, and in his hand a weather beaten medicine case. He waited until Dr. Grimshaw raising his eyes discovered him, then cried,

"Hello!"

The doctor did not reply immediately for he was struck with surprise. The man was four or five years older than himself, while dissipation and hardship, made him look older than he was. He seemed much amused at the doc-

tor's bewilderment, and with a low chuckle added,

"Hello Doc., don't ye know me?"

"Yes, it is Andy—come in."

The tramp did not hesitate but stepped at once into the office.

"Close the door Andy."

"Don't like to be seen in company with an old collegemate, eh Doc? well it's a little warm, but we can stand the door shut I reckon." He closed the door and throwing himself into a chair before the doctor gave way to a reckless laugh. "Don't think I'm doin' very well Doc., since I graduated with highest honors in the medical college with you. Well I was said to be the smartest doctor and surgeon in the hospital, but that's all gone, and now I am a tramp."

"Andy why have you never swung out your shingle and gone into the practice?"

"My shingle is swung out!" the tramp doctor declared.

"Where?"

"Swung out to the world. My patients are everywhere. Why, there is not a knight on the road, who don't know me. I am the tramp doctor from one end of the world to the other. By the way I've got three chums; ye see we fellows now go in fours. It's always handier ye know," and he laughed outright. "I give my boys the slip about a hundred miles away, boarded a Pullman car, slept underneath, and here I am."

"What brings you here?"

"Well Doc., there's a matter of money in this. Say, how would you like to be rich?"

"I should not object," the doctor answered.

"I suppose not. Say, have you any whisky—I'm dry—I've not had a drop for twenty-four hours."

The doctor rose, went to his well regulated laboratory, and soon returned with a small glass half full.

"Well now, that is superb," declared the doctor draining the glass at a draught.

"Andy, I want to ask if in your wanderings you have ever been in Missouri?" asked Dr. Grimshaw.

"Yes, many a time. I know every cow path in it," the tramp doctor answered.

"Were you ever in a town called Kirksville?"

"A dozen times."

"Do you know of a man named Still?"

"The discoverer of Osteopathy?"

"Yes."

"By thunder I do. He's got the biggest thing on earth. Why, he has an Infirmary and college there bigger than your whole town, and cures people by the thousands. The old cuss is getting rich, but he is so charitable nobody envies him."

Dr. Grimshaw sat gazing into vacancy, his features twitching just the least in the world, as he patiently weighed every word the tramp doctor uttered. Tramp though he was, unscrupulous and dissipated, he knew that Andrew T. Timmons, was a man of ability and experience, and his judgment was worth a great deal in the coming crisis.

"Andy, answer me one question, is there anything in Osteopathy?"

"Well, there is a whole lot in it, my boy; and if you think not, you are going to fool yourself very badly."

"Do they give no medicines?"

"Not a grain or drop."

"How do they cure?"

"Well, I've investigated it some. In the first place they know more anatomy in a day than we do in a year. The theory of Osteopathy is that all diseases are caused by disarrangement or displacement of some part of the anatomy, and they understand it so perfectly that they can replace the most minute parts."

"It's a humbug."

"Now there's where you fool yourself, I was kicked out of a boxcar and fell on my wrist. It swelled up so I thought I had rheumatism, and for weeks bathed my wrist with liniment all to no good. I went to Kirksville, and just for fun called at the Infirmary to be treated in their clinics free. Well, the old Doc. himself saw me. I first thought it was an old farmer as he came up with his slouch hat, but it was Dr. A. T. Still himself. He looked at my wrist, made me take off my coat, shut his eyes and ran his fingers up my arm to my shoulder.

"'There's where your trouble is,' he declared putting his hand on my shoulder. I could hardly keep from laughing at him, but he gave me some kind of a twist, and a yank, and I swear I heard it pop. My wrist never hurt me again."

"Do they treat many there?"

"I'd say fifteen thousand a year."

"Look here Andy, that institution is so near us, it is going to play the devil with our practice. A young fellow, Horace Crandal, was given up to die, went there and was cured, and now nearly everybody in the country is going to send their sick there to be healed, so what will we do?"

"Well Doc., that's pretty hard on you."

"Yes and what makes it worse, this young fellow who was cured, is about to sell his farm and go there to learn the science; then he will be coming back to set up, and good bye to medical doctors, and drug stores."

"Say Doc. you're in a h-l of a fix, ain't you!" remarked the tramp after a moment. Dr. Grimshaw was silent while a strange look came into his keen grey eye. The tramp knew the doctor well enough to interpret his glance to mean something. After a brief silence he broke in with:

"Well Doc., what is it? you've got something on your mind, and I know it."

"If he did not have the money, he could not go."

"Well what do you say?"

"Nothing," Dr. Grimshaw answered. "I say nothing. He has sold his farm and on the twenty-seventh of next month he comes to get his money, and will take it home with him. He lives with his mother on Bear creek, about seven miles from here. He crosses Bear creek bridge, and goes two miles south of that."

"Oh yes, he is a farmer."

"He is, or was. He took an Academic course, and contemplates becoming an Osteopath."

"How much will he get for his farm?"

The doctor reflected a moment, and answered:

"John Mitchel will on the twenty-seventh of next month pay him fifteen hundred dollars."

With a grin the tramp said:

"Say Doc., if he didn't have that, he couldn't study Osteopathy could he?"

"No."

"All right—I sabe, that's enough! Pretty good," and the tramp chuckled. "But look here Doc. there's one thing I'd like to have forgot, and that's my business here. You see I'm gittin' more business on hand than I can attend to."

"What is it Andy?"

"Is there a widow in this town?"

"Yes, three or four; you are not contemplating matrimony with a widow are you?" This was not intended as a joke, and there was not the faintest trace of a smile on the face of the doctor.

"No, no, I want nothing to do with any woman, but you know, I being a roving knight, and traveling over every part of the world, pick up many stray bits of information. Now there is a widow in this town who has but one child, a girl, and that girl is heir to seventy-five thousand dollars."

"How do you know?"

"I've got it straight. The money is in the bank. An uncle o' her father, who raised her father, quarreled with him about somethin', and never spoke to his nephew so long as he lived. They lived in the east somewhere, and the nephew, his wife and child came west. The uncle went to California. He was a bachelor and died leaving seventy-five thousand dollars in bank accounts for his niece. I've been tracin' up that niece, and she lives here with her mother."

"Do you know her name?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

The tramp whispered a name in the ear of Dr. Grimshaw which caused him to start.

"What? Is it possible?"

"It's a fact and all that's to be done Doc., is for someone to have the authority to represent her and the money which is in the Third National bank, of San Francisco, will be paid over. Now, can't we be her guardians?"

"Look you, Andy, have you told this to anyone?"

"No."

"Her whereabouts is unknown to the administrator?"

"Yes."

"Leave this whole matter to me. Now we understand each other, and I think it will be arranged in due time."

"Well Doc., I sabe. Now I'm devilish dry."

Dr. Grimshaw rose, went to his small laboratory, and brought back a glass of whisky. The tramp drank it off at a draught, and said:

"Now the usual donation and I am gone." The doctor dropped a silver dollar in his hand. Tapping the side of his head the tramp added:

"Yes it was the twenty-seventh. The twenty-seventh of next month?" Grimshaw nodded.

"All right, I sabe." The tramp went out and Dr. Grimshaw stood in the door looking after him, while he muttered:

"The very girl this would-be Osteopath wishes to marry is an heiress to seventy-five thousand. I must set my plans to thwart him. If she would only discard that country lout, and accept me, I would show her what a gay life is."

(To be Continued.)



ROSTER OF STUDENTS

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY.

MAY (1896) CLASS.

Bailey, H. E. Kirksville, Missouri
 Banning, John W. La Plata, Missouri
 Beeman, E. E. Kirksville, Missouri
 Bolles, Newton A. Denver, Colorado
 Brown, Leander S. Fort Collins, Colorado
 Burke, Mrs. Anna M. Kirksville, Missouri
 Campbell, Arthur D. Kirksville, Missouri
 Cole, M. D. Kirksville, Missouri
 Conner, D. L. Kirksville, Missouri
 Cluett, Frank G. St. Louis, Missouri
 Densmore, O. Mason City, Iowa
 Ely, William E. Kirksville, Missouri
 Ely, Mrs. Anna L. Kirksville, "
 Fletcher, William A. Kirksville, "
 Gentry, Benton F. Kirksville, "
 Green, Ginevra I. Kirksville, "
 Greene, W. E. Kirksville, "
 Hart, Lawrence M. Kirksville, "
 Hartford, Isaac J. Queen City, "
 Harlan, Mrs. F. J. Webb City, "
 Hibbets, Ulysses M. Kirksville, "
 Holme, T. L. Bolckow, "
 Hook, Otis. Kirksville, "
 Hook, Virgil A. Pond Creek, Oklahoma
 Hudleson, Mark E. Bevier, Missouri
 Hulett, Marcia Ione. Edgerton, Kansas
 Hulett, Mrs. Adelaide. Lawrence, "
 Ilgenfritz, Harry F. Kirksville, Missouri
 Johnson, Gid E. Kirksville, Missouri
 Johnson, Mrs. Alice. Fairfield, Illinois
 Johnson, Norman S. Horton, Kansas
 Johnston Willie H. Canton, Illinois
 Jones, Hiram R. Estill, Missouri
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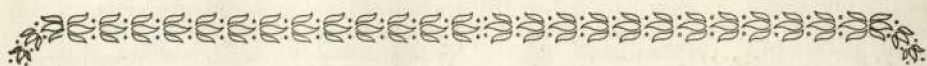
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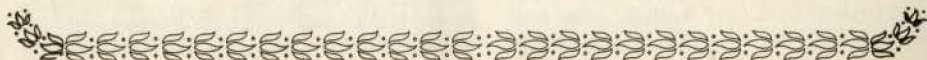
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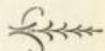
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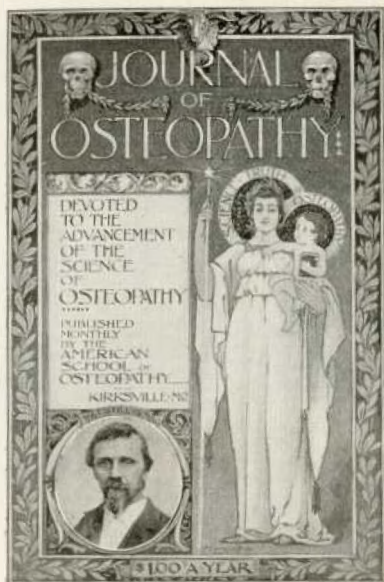
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